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# THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.**
*—The Voice of the Silence*

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## "THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

"Every one therefore must become divine, and of godlike beauty, before he can gaze upon a god, and the Beautiful itself.

"Having closed the corporeal eye we must stir up and assume a purer eye within, which all men possess, but which is alone used by a few."

Thus Plotinus, the mystic. But his wise recommendation will be regarded as "impractical" by our machine-mad and technique-fraught civilization. The senses of the mystic function differently, under the influence of his mind, from those of other men, and he is able to hear the language of the Soul. His sensorium is not keener in perception, but is capable of a different kind of perception. His mind understands words differently, and to him words and names present a different order and a subtler rhythm; they have a different connotation. Not logic and reasoning but analogy and correspondence are the mystic's avenues to knowledge and perception.

Thus, to a mystic, Arjuna is not only the strong-armed warrior, the mighty archer, and one of the Pandavas, but Nara, Man—the Thinker. He is more than Man, for He is a Spirit-Being; and less than Thinker because he is the embodied soul (*Dehi*) also. Therefore the majestic and martial allegory of the *Gita*, of which Arjuna and Krishna, Nara and Narayana, are the two chief characters, is interpreted in different ways. The mystic perceives the battlefield of Kurukshetra as the Field of Dharma, and Arjuna as the Learner—Man, the Warrior who learns to dispel his personal perception and stands "collected once more," "free from doubt and firm." The man of mundane, lower, ordinary perception misjudges the *Gita* as teaching carnal warfare; to the mystic it sings of the Greatest of All Wars, which the Buddha waged against Mara and the Christ against Satan. Arjuna "is facing the battle of Man, as he grieves there the arrows are already falling." He fought and won. Is there no significance in this message for

modern Indians? Or are there no more Kshatriyas left?

Or turn to the New Testament. To St. Paul, Ishmael and Isaac are not only persons; they typify or symbolize bondage and liberty—the former Judaic, and the latter Christian. Ishmael was the son of the bondwoman and was born after the flesh, and Isaac of the freewoman was born by promise—"which things are an allegory" (*Galatians*, iv).

The mystic is practical inasmuch as he endeavours to learn about the universe by a process different from that of the scholar and the savant. He acquires a different sense of values and when he imparts his knowledge to his fellow men he educates their hearts; the scholar and the savant educate only the mind. Mystics offer a moral elevation to the learner whereby intellect itself is purified and understanding becomes insight. This is valuable not only to the individual learner but to the State also.

Our civilization and all national States recognize and honour the scientist and the scholar, and, better still, recognize and honour the poet and the artist; but they have not yet evolved to the point where the mystic is honoured as an educator and a reformer of a very superior kind.

The real power which Gandhiji wielded was the mystic power. He did not labour with the mind but with the heart, his own and that of others. Millions of Indians adore him as the "Father of the Nation." We should begin to see in him the Father of a New Order of Being—a Pioneer and not a Prophet, an Exemplar and not a Preacher, a Preceptor by actions, each action an experiment with Truth felt in the heart.

But how many among us recognize this? And, again, how many attempt to follow on the Heart Path he walked?

The practical mystic is the need of the hour, especially in India. To become one is a herculean task, but not an impossible one; but how to recognize the true mystic?

How apt is the poem of Tennyson, "The Mystic"! He writes of the Wakeful Dreamer; and we have space only for the opening and the closing lines:—

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn:
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction: he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linked woes of many a fiery change
Had purified, and chastened and made free.

How could ye know him? Ye were yet within
The narrower circle; he had wellnigh reached
The last, which with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

SHRAVAKA

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# THE POISONED ARROW

## A SERMON OF THE BUDDHA

"It is as if a man had been wounded by an arrow thickly smeared with poison, and his friends and companions, his relatives and kinsfolk, were to procure for him a physician or surgeon; and the sick man were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me belonged to the warrior caste, or to the Brahmin caste, or to the agricultural caste, or to the menial caste!'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt the name of the man who wounded me and to what clan he belongs.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was tall or short.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the bow which wounded me was a *capa* or a *kodanda*.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was feathered from the wings of a vulture, or of a heron, or of a falcon, or of a peacock.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was wound round with the sinews of an ox, or of a buffalo, or of a monkey.'

"That man would die without ever having learnt this.

"In exactly the same way, any one who should say, 'I will not lead the religious life under the Blessed One until the Blessed One shall elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal; or that the saint exists or does not exist after death.' That person would die before the Accomplished One had ever elucidated this to him.

"The life of the soul does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal, nor does it depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal. Whether the dogma obtains, that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life, I am prescribing."

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# "GREEN IS THE STUFF OF LIFE"

[ **Mr. Roy Bridger's** work as a pioneer of the back-to-the-land movement in Britain is well known, and we are aware that among our readers there are many who admire his articles, several of which we have had the pleasure of publishing. In this essay Mr. Bridger offers thoughts which should provoke calm reflection. The Unity of Nature, in which men and nations are but microcosmic aspects of a Macrocosmos, is a truth that every true mystic has felt and every genuine occultist has explained.—ED. ]

The past projects two separate spells—the thraldom of individual memories, with echoes no one else ever hears, and the fascination of the scantily charted immensities of world history.

Some people possess so acute a sense of the universal past that the bounds of personal experience seem to be transcended. Jacquetta Hawkes, among recent writers, has drawn upon an unusually sensitive consciousness of periods historic and remote to convey her impression of the landscape of Britain in her book, *A Land*. The success of this attempt to express the inexpressible was ensured to no small degree by two time-spanning drawings in colour by Henry Moore, one a swirling mist of sea shells which were also women, the other a sculptured knight, conveying the eternal immobility of death, with great bells tolling and recumbent stone hands praying through the ages.

Through the continuity of development some part of the past is always inseparable from the present. So too, through the unity of nature, no living part of the present can ever be completely detached from the universal fabric. *In a society based on technology and economics this truth is seldom perceived; in fact it is a wide-spread arrogance today to conceive of a world stage occupied almost entirely by one inflated figure —man.* There is no such thing as man, either singly or collectively! There is only the individual, or mankind, plus an intricate assortment of environmental props.

No one has expressed in words the wholeness of life and the interdependence of living organisms. Only the waters and the winds and the wild creatures of the earth can submerge themselves in a fulfilment which leaves no need for further expression. The geese of the world, says Aldo C. Leopold, have always known these things:—

> Every March since the Pleistocene the geese have honked unity from China Sea to Siberian steppe, from Euphrates to Volga, from Nile to Murmansk, from Lincolnshire to Spitzbergen.

Modern man, by contrast, has mastered the art of distorting realities to suit his own arrogance. History books recording colonizing achievements speak of territories

never before inhabited—except, of course, by *natives*. Yet those featureless and unimportant natives may have understood and come to terms with their environment much better than the newcomers ever did. *Even today there is much danger that world organizations like Unesco, in their eagerness to extend modern standards of living, may obliterate existing arrangements of greater suitability.* The Australian aborigine, perhaps, is pitied for his "backward" conditions, yet he comprehends what is suitable for the open spaces of the bush in a way that distant well-wishers cannot imagine.

"Awareness" is today often urged as though it were something new, yet the masterpieces of prehistoric art show that twenty thousand years ago man was vividly aware of essentials. Science, a word which has practically lost its meaning, since so much of what passes for "science" is quite unscientific, *i.e.*, unrealistic and unbalanced, has undoubtedly thrown open many new windows on the world—or are they so new? The device of the aqualung is now making it possible to explore an undersea world never before beheld except by peoples of such antiquity that previous knowledge has since died out.

Philippe Diolé, the French aqualung pioneer, has written some enchanting books about this strange world whose vegetables often look like animals, and whose animals are sometimes rooted to the ocean floor. What he has seen down below he is practically-minded enough to assess in terms of extra proteins and plastics, though he is visionary enough to believe in the wealth of the sea, not as further fuel for the insatiable machine, but as a chance of dispensing with it:—

Humanity's industrial phase, with its mineral resources, mechanical methods and electric power, has not yet lasted 150 years. It is unlikely to be the last one, or necessarily the most valuable. Let us make no mistake about the machine age: the future will pass sentence on it, swiftly and decisively, the day that man acquires sufficient control over natural resources to satisfy his needs. The biologist will then take his place at the top of the scientific and social scale, above the physicist, the engineer and the machinist, now so all-powerful. Making things live will seem better than making them work.

Making things live: we have striven through thousands of years to be able to say in words what the fish and the animals and the geese of the world have no need to say in words.

But what is this "control" over natural resources? For M. Diolé it is not an illusory "conquest of Nature." It is co-operation *with* Nature, to the same ends but at less expense, and it is interesting to note that at the solar-energy symposium at Tucson, Arizona, where ultra-scientific views might have been expected to dominate, the new idea of feeding the world by the cultivation of algæ and chlorella was found

faulty. These organisms are no more efficient at photosynthesis than the higher plants, and their culture, even on a limited scale, needs masses of tubes, tanks and pumps, devices to feed in carbon dioxide and centrifuges to collect the product.

Similar criticism could be applied to hydroponics (soilless culture using chemicals), and in fact all forms of growing food with chemical fertilizers. They are all farming *against* Nature, by the expenditure of non-renewable resources, for the chemicals have to be won in the first place. Food can be grown with so-called "free" synthetic nitrogen, it is true, but a ton of nitrogenous fertilizer takes three-quarters of a ton of coal to produce it.

> The force that through the green fuse
> drives the flower
> Drives my green age; that blasts the
> roots of trees
> Is my destroyer.
> And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
> My youth is bent by the same winter
> fever,

wrote Dylan Thomas.

And I am dumb to say what bearing the use of artificial fertilizers in Africa has on atomic explosions in Nevada, or what connection there is between the £100 millions spent on dentures in the first five years of Britain's National Health Service and the export of monkeys from India for poliomyelitis research.

One of the strangest things about the undersea world (and also the non-human part of the world above it) is its orderliness. Sea creatures, Diolé reports, do not mill around like people in a street:—

Life under water could, without exaggeration, be called static, congealed in its luxuriant surroundings and secret retreats. Nor is it only coral, gorgonians, molluscs, sea-anemones, starfish and other echinoderms who can be called the permanent residents of a particular site. Day after day, and from dive to dive, the same grouper and moray can be seen at the same hole, the same octopus lying in wait by its rocky hollow, the same group of sargues exercising in the same patch of sea.

Modern nature study has done much to dispel erroneous notions about wild life, especially as to the degree of "freedom" enjoyed. It is realized now that in Nature the open road is more like a tramway system. "The majority of oceanic birds," an American naturalist has said, "are bound like peons to their own specific types of surface water."

At first sight the "behaviour patterns" of wild life may seem almost entirely automatic. In fact some sweeping theories have been advanced explaining everything in terms of responses to various changes in the environment, every new change triggering off its own brief fixed course of behaviour by inner compulsion. The "blind instinct" theory, however, has been largely discredited by the work of more perceptive observers, who have shown that if the tramlines in these private worlds run in fixed directions, life on them is not neces-

sarily devoid of excitement and adventure. For sheer exhilaration it would be hard to beat the world of the jackdaw, as described by Konrad Z. Lorenz, the Austrian naturalist, in his book *King Solomon's Ring*. John B. Crompton, who has studied insects in various parts of the world, has come to the conclusion that individual intelligence is an important factor in insect behaviour. He reminds us in *Ways of the Ant*:—

> After all, if it had not been for a few individuals man would still be living in the Stone Age, and still worrying about the best way to tie a piece of stone to a stick.

Even more impressive a tribute to individuality among wild life is Len Howard's remarkable study, *Birds as Individuals*. That bird song is largely a territorial signal, and all the rest of it, is granted, but at the same time it can be expressive of "moods" and can be eloquent of "awareness." It can salute the sunrise, warn of the approaching storm, falter in hard times and radiate geniality when they relax. Like Goethe it can say, but in a language heard before man walked the earth: "Grey is all theory, green the stuff of life."

But I am dumb to say what comment a nightingale, soliloquizing in a thorn tree, is making on the £40,000 millions a year the world is spending on armaments.

When the various conflicting species of Nature are studied as a whole, they can be seen as servants of one great compelling force always seeking to establish itself to the best advantage. Far back along the tracks of world history are scattered the fossil remains of creatures which flourished and died out æons before our race began. Even human history, brief as it is, has been for the greater part the record of a slow-thinking and unexceptional animal without significant powers, one way or the other, to affect the general sweep of life.

For his own purposes modern man likes to pride himself on his perfection of language, that wonderful thing which distinguishes him from lesser species. But these sounds made by the vocal cords are not really Nature's language, which can be spoken only in dumb show, in actions in line with the superforce. Man can even take things a further step, by seeking to arrange organic life to *better* advantage. He is very clever. He has strong organizations for linking his various achievements. It is necessary only to see that the direction is right.

* * *

People are moving out of North Kent because they cannot stand the dust emitted in clouds from the cement factories on the south bank of the Thames. They are moving out of the vicinity of the London Airport and other aerodromes because they fear the noise will split their eardrums and drive them mad. They are moving away from the

Sussex coast because of low-flying aircraft using bombing ranges day and night. Five million tons of poisonous sulphur is discharged into the atmosphere every year from smoking chimneys, together with a million tons of grit and dust. Britain's river pollution is said to be the worst in the world. Their self-purification properties completely overloaded, many of her rivers have become lifeless and foul. On the roads the thick glutinous fumes from diesel engines mingle with deadly carbon monoxide from petrol engines. Everywhere the original landscape is being obliterated by ugly cement roads, stereotyped housing schemes, wires, lights, dumps and utilitarian public buildings which may be hospitals, or asylums or research stations. You can drive from Southampton in the south to a town in the north which at first sight appears to be Southampton transplanted, but which is still trying to be Carlisle. It has been done. It was done by a representative of the *Architectural Review,* and what he saw on the way was published as a special feature called "Subtopia." This terrifying pictorial record has since been published in book form under the title of *Outrage.*

The point is several times made in this book that "it is no use being prepared against attack if in doing so you destroy what you are supposed to be defending." Actually, it is questionable whether such words as "attack" and "defence" can retain their meaning much longer. Who would seek to conquer such a shambles, and what would they do with it if successful? In any case, in the guided-missile era attack and defence will be indistinguishable. In his book, *The Robot Era,* P. E. Cleator suggests that we are approaching the point where the touch of a switch on one side will not only release its own inter-continental hydrogen rockets, but the other side's as well.

We have got everything linked up all right. In automatic factories operated by remote control millions of tins and bottles are being filled with drugs advertised as curing all diseases. Vast sums of money are tied up in such factories and it is absolutely vital that the public should co-operate by buying the stuff. Those who do not are the enemies of society, the wreckers, threatening to bring everything to a standstill. Other firms are engaged in producing guided missiles, and they too are keen to get their products sold. Everyone has to live. Thousands of people cling to life by peering at chemicals mixed in test tubes; this is called "research" and is paid for without question. Some concoct preparations from dead monkeys, and advertising and publicity agents of all kinds, whose one compelling purpose is to advertise something—anything—see that they are sold. Monkeys may become extinct in the process, but without a shadow of doubt some other species

will have to be forthcoming. The missile people believe in vaccines, and the vaccine people think that wider and uglier cement roads are a sign of progress. The complete set-up, which is apparently as unstoppable as a bottling factory, emerges as the climate of the times and is reflected in the popular press, whose imbecilities are as all-pervading as the atomic radiation which is being *advertised* as the passport to a glorious worryless and disease-free paradise.

It is not only in popular newspapers that these things are glorified. The myriad publications of Unesco express the greatest reverence for them. In an A to Z survey of achievements published in one such bulletin recently, the entry under "Science" simply said: "See under 'Atoms.'" But it is difficult to know what else could be expected from the teams of experts centred on a New York skyscraper. According to J. B. Priestley, it is the American way of life which is now the great invader. There is no need to cross the Atlantic to see it; the nearest town will be full of it. The women of America, says Priestley in *Journey Down a Rainbow* (a travel study written in collaboration with his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes), are like the inhabitants of an occupied country, compelled to accept values and standards that are alien to their deepest nature. Woman wants roots, growth, life, but this society offers her in their place

> technics, gadgets, graphs, statistics. She longs for prophets, seers, heroes, artists, magic males to adore; what she gets are pompous bank presidents, salesmen with ulcers, apologetic chartered accountants, advertizing fakers and lunatic designers of atomic bombs. Her essential nature cries out for a devoted lover, healthy children, a happy home filled with easy intimate talk, laughter, absurd or charming ceremonies, and nothing whatever out of cybernetics and science fiction, buildings two thousand feet high, travel at five hundred miles an hour, stainless steel robot attendants, and dinners arriving in capsules.

Altogether, I am inclined to wonder whether George Orwell's *1984*, powerful as it is, may not turn out to be an outsize red herring. "It can't happen here," everyone concludes happily, thinking it is just a matter of politics and dictatorships.

But I am dumb to say why it is happening here every minute of the day.

ROY BRIDGER

# THE VEDIC TRADITION AND BUDDHA'S CONTRIBUTION

[The writer of this article, **Dr. M. B. Niyogi,** is a retired Chief Justice of the High Court of Madhya Pradesh. He makes the important point, often overlooked in India, that, far from Shankaracharya having tried to extirpate Buddhism, he had referred to Buddha as the "Lord of Yogis." He mentions also that Shankaracharya was dubbed by his opponents a "veiled Buddha," or, as the epithet is sometimes translated, "a Buddha in disguise." No more than any other great teacher did Buddha come to found a new religion. He was born a Hindu of the Kshatriya caste, and the Buddhist reform consisted in making every man a priest unto himself.

It is good for the Indian nation to have organized a celebration of the 2,500th anniversary of Buddha's Passing during this year, so that its citizens may derive the benefits of the Wisdom of India's greatest son. Last month several pages of THE ARYAN PATH were devoted to articles on the Master and His Teachings and we are glad to print the following in this issue.—ED.]

A revival of Buddhism is, I repeat, one of the present possibilities in India. The life and teaching of Buddha are also beginning to exercise a new influence on religious thought in Europe and America....Buddhism will stand forth as the embodiment of the eternal verity that as a man sows he will reap; associated with the personal duties of mastery over self and kindness to all men; and quickened into a popular religion by the example of a noble and beautiful life.

So said W. W. Hunter as far back as 1882 in his *Indian Empire: Its People, History, and Products* (Third Edition). The cloud which he sighted was then, perhaps, no bigger than a man's hand, but it has since been steadily gathering volume, potency and momentum, as we are witnessing today.

As the Buddha approached his end, about 483 B.C., he delivered the parting message: "Make the Self your refuge and your lamp." The "component thing" disintegrated, but the Spirit survived. As he declared, "After me the Dhamma." But Buddhism in the world today is not the same as the Dhamma originally preached by the Buddha. In its migration to various parts of the world, it has taken on many local colours. In the East the identity of the founder persists, but in the West it is blurred in its conflict with the Judaic tradition of a Personal God taken over by the Christian Church and maintained by a powerful priesthood.

The Buddha detached morality from the Deity, and thus eliminated God or gods from the conception of a virtuous life. Was this idea original or an offshoot of some pre-existing thought-process? The answer is to be sought in the Vedic tradition.

The term *Veda* is derived from a

root that means "to know." The *Gayatri* is a prayer to the Power that vivifies the Sun to stimulate the intellect of the aspirant. The *Rigveda* is a repository of poetical compositions, speculations and injunctions—mandatory and prohibitory. The Priest interpreted the Vedas as an exhortation to action, and discarded the speculative portion as meaningless. He evolved an elaborate and complicated system of ritual and tried to enliven it by the loud chanting of the poetical compositions. But underlying the "magical" exterior there was a robust element of an ethical nature in two forms: the *Deeksha* (Initiation) and *Tyaga* (Renunciation or Dedication). *Yajna* (sacrifice) etymologically means giving and worshipping. The *Deeksha* ceremony began with the words: *Satyam* (Truth) is *Deeksha*; *Ritam* (Order) is *Deeksha*. Hence the one initiated must speak the truth, not falsehood (*anritam*). The Gods are composed of Truth. During the sacerdotal ceremonies, the oblations were given to the invited God with the words: "This is yours, not mine"—meaning, I am offering but that which is your own. *Yajna* is not *dana* (gift), which involves transfer of ownership; it is like a trustee turning over to the beneficiary in a spirit of renunciation that which legally belongs to the latter.

But the *yajna* was so mechanical that it could not satisfy minds in quest of Reality. It was anything but the right answer to the reverent longing breathed in the strain: "Not knowing, I go to those who know that I may know—I who do not know"; or in: "What was the forest...from which they fashioned the heaven and the earth?"

The original intellectual fervour was in no way abated. It bundled all the separate gods into an aggregate (*Vishwedevah*) and then fused them all into one (*Purusha*—the Cosmic Person), and identified this cosmic entity with the social organization (*chaturvarnya*). The *Purusha* became the indwelling Spirit. At the time when Siddhartha Gautama came on the scene the intellectual ferment was at its zenith, as it appears from the *Brahmajala Sutta*.

The most outstanding product of this ferment was the Upanishadic thought. From the *Udana* (one of the books of the Buddhist canon) it is clear that the Buddha was familiar with the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*. In the Upanishads the intellectual effort was sublimated into intuitional heights unknown elsewhere in the world. It evolved the doctrine of *Neti Neti*, which repudiated all the gods, the sacrifices and the priestly lore. This marked the end of what is known as Brahminism. The Brahmin came to denote "one who knows Brahma." Buddha described himself as Brahman at the moment when he attained enlightenment (*Atapino Jhayate Brahmanassa*). The sacerdotal system came to be ridiculed by depicting a group of dogs chanting, "Aum, let us

drink," etc. (*Chhandogya Upanishad*); and sacrifices were dubbed "frail barks" (*Mundaka Upanishad*). Nor was *upasana* (worship of or meditation on any deity) favoured; as the *Kena Upanishad* declared: "Not this that people worship as this."

How is the Reality to be attained? Says the *Mundaka Upanishad*:—

This Atma is obtainable by truth, by austerity, by proper knowledge (*jnana*), by holy living (*brahmacharya*); within the body, consisting of light, pure is He, whom the ascetic (*yati*) with imperfections done away beholds!

In other words, it is by trudging along the way of perfection that one becomes perfect. That critical event in the life of Siddhartha, which drove him from home in quest of the Light Within, *viz.*, the sight of a sick man, an aged man and a corpse, followed by a *bhikshu*, clearly appears to be an allegorical construction in the light of the thought occurring in the dialogue between Yajnavalkya and Kahola Kaushitakeya:—

"Which one, Yajnavalkya, is in all things?"

"He who passes beyond hunger and thirst, beyond sorrow and delusion, beyond old age and death: Brahmanas who know that Self overcome desire... and live the life of a mendicant. Therefore let a Brahmana become disgusted with learning and live as a child...."

"By what means would he become a Brahman?"

"By that means by which he does become such a one. Aught else than this is wretched."

When Gautama became a Buddha, he came to be called *Brahmabhoova, Dharma-bhoota, Sugata, Tatha-gata.* Whatever these meant, the truth was that he was *Anyat-artam*—anything but ill. As the *Swetashwatara Upanishad* says:—

No sickness [*rogo*], no old age [*jara*] no death [*mrityu*] for him who has obtained a body of the fire of yoga [*Yogagnimayam shariram*].

Shankaracharya extols Buddha in one of his hymns as the "Lord of Yogis" (*Yoginam Chakravarti*). Is this not, by the way, sufficient to explode the myth that he extirpated Buddhism? It is highly significant that his opponents dub him a *Prachhanna Buddha* (veiled Buddha).

Upanishadic thought forms the background of both Buddha and Shankara. In the Upanishads there are various trends of thought, some speculative, soaring into Intuition, and some purely ethical. Buddha turned the ethical thought into the channels of practical life. Buddha declared himself to be a *Vibhajjavadi* (an analytical thinker), in contrast to the indulger in speculative thought which was synthetic. To what does the latter lead? To Brahman-Atman. Can that be known? No. That was the answer given by Yajnavalkya himself (*Vijnataram are kena vijaneeyat*). Brahman is not knowledge but experience. Buddha himself had to seal his tongue when Vachhagotta

questioned him about the Atman. The only answer was Silence.

Buddha discouraged debates about metaphysical problems (*Sadasat vicharam na sahate*). His emphasis was on the training of will and the formation of character. He rejected ritualism and insisted on right living (*Shila-vritti paramarsha*). The ritualistic system was founded on faith in the scriptural word, and hope of attaining heaven; he inculcated Self-effort, saying, "Self alone is the Lord of self"; "You yourself have to walk the way—the Tathagatas being only sign-posts." This was on the lines of the instruction conveyed by the words, *dama* (self-control), *dana* (charity) and *daya* (compassion), compendiously called *Da-traya* in the Upanishads. This was the spirit of his famous exhortation to his first batch of sixty disciples in the *Charika Sutta*, to peregrinate "for the benefit of the many," to teach the Dharma and to inculcate the importance of right living (*Brahmacharya*). As opposed to the speculative aspect and the teaching of the Upanishads, *viz.*, to be *Atmaramo, Atmarato* (engrossed in the Self), he stressed the necessity of active service, *Kammaramo, Kammarato* (engrossed in diligent action).

His approach to the problem of life was thoroughly realistic and rational. Why is it that one runs after gods, priests and temples? Because one wants to be quit of *Dukkha*, which does not mean mere misery or suffering as commonly understood. Whatever it may be, it is a stark fact, and he deals with it as a physician (*Itivuttaka*). He traces its root cause (*samudaya*) to be clinging to sensual pleasures (*kama trishna*), clinging to life here or hereafter (*bhava* and *vibhava trishna*). As the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* said, man at the biological level is *kamamaya* (formed of desire). To lift him to a moral level, the Buddha called upon him to control *kama*, and prescribed the remedy in the form of the well-known Eightfold Path, which was a course of moral discipline called *Vinaya*. This is not pessimism, but an endeavour to take the bull by the horns and subdue it.

The word *Dukkha* has a world of meaning when it is interpreted in the light of the Upanishadic use of the word *Kha*. It means *Akasha*, which is the first evolute from the *Atman* (*Atmanah Akashah sambhootah*). *Akasha* is the first veil between the Atman and the visible universe. On this side of the veil are *Asat* (Untruth), *Tamas* (Darkness) and *Mrityu* (Death), and they all constitute *Dukkha*. On this side of *Kha* all is *Anatma*. Hence the triad: *Anatma, Anitya, Dukkha*. Similar is the gist of the first *Sutta*: *Dhamma-Chakka-pravattana Sutta*.

In the *Anatta Lakkhana Sutta* the Buddha expounds that from *Roopa* (Form) to *Vijnana* (Consciousness), which includes the consciousness of "I," everything is *Anatta, i.e.*, not real "I" (*Na me so Atta*). It

is but a psycho-physical mechanism, as explained by Coomaraswamy. Ego has two senses: Pure and Empirical (the I-knowing and the I-known). The Empirical Ego or Me is altogether an objective construction or intellective system.[1] The journey from me (*Alpatma*) to I (*Mahatma*) lies through the moral discipline of the Eightfold Path. This *Vinaya* is what makes one eligible for *Dhyana* (Meditation) leading to *Prajna* (Insight), attaining its climax in Nirvana. It is not annihilation: Nirvana *is* (*Milinda Pannha*); *Na vinasha drishtva Nirvayate* (*Lankavatar Sutra*). It means stopping of the process of "Becoming."

To summarize the Buddha's contribution: (*a*) He detached morality from Deity and placed it on an independent base. (*b*) As morality postulates freedom, he propounded freedom of thought and conscience in the *Kalama Sutta*. (*c*) He ensured equality of opportunity by recognizing karma as opposed to *Janma* (birth) as determining one's rank in society. (*d*) He defined the characteristics of a moral being as *Maitri* (Loving-kindness), *Karuna* (Compassion), *Mudita* (Sympathy) and *Upeksha* (Indifference to personal benefit).

He effected a revolution in that the priesthood lost its supremacy and gave place to philosophers like Shankara and Ramanuja for the intelligentsia and to a host of saints who moulded the character of the masses.

Buddha's influence on the thinkers of the world is reflected in the preamble to the Declaration of Human Rights:—

> Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed.

Did not the Buddha say: *Mano pubbangama Dhamma* (All our tendencies of character are the offspring of the mind)?

M. B. NIYOGI

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Wealth cannot be created by unfair means; it is misappropriated. A good man and a good cause may both be ruined by bad means.

AVOR

[1] See WARD's *Psychological Principles*, pp. 35 and 337.

# GRACE PLUNKETT: SYMBOL OF YOUNG IRELAND

[ Heroic men and women, rising to meet the challenge of times of difficulty and of danger, are the glory, not of their respective countries and movements only, but of humankind. It is well that their stories shall not be forgotten or the quickening influence of their example limited or lost. Readers of THE ARYAN PATH are indebted to the Irish writer, **Mr. R. M. Fox,** for inspiring accounts like this one of not a few in his country who forgot themselves in devotion to their cause and toiled and suffered that their people might be free.—ED. ]

One of the most romantic and tragic stories of the 1916 Rising in Ireland is recalled by the death in Dublin, on December 13th, 1955, of Grace Plunkett, who had married Joseph Plunkett, the rebel leader, at midnight in Kilmainham prison chapel, just before his execution. She has a special place in the history of those stormy, heroic days.

Had he lived, Joseph Plunkett would have made a big reputation as a poet, for already his verse had made him pre-eminent among the talented group. Just before the 1916 struggle began, Plunkett had to enter a nursing home for an operation. He left on Easter Saturday and stayed in a Dublin hotel. He was determined to take part in the fighting, but had arranged to marry Grace Gifford on Easter Sunday morning. Through some mistake on the part of a messenger this plan miscarried.

Grace Gifford and her three sisters were all active in the militant Irish National movement. She was unhappy at home, for her people were bitterly opposed to her activities. Her sister Muriel was already married to Thomas MacDonagh, also executed for his part in the Easter Week rising. When the rebels surrendered, Plunkett was held in Kilmainham Gaol. He had sent a message to Grace asking her to complete the arrangements for their marriage. She had the help of the priest who was to have married them earlier and she went to the prison. For the sake of historical accuracy it is best to give what followed in her own words :—

I entered Kilmainham Gaol on Wednesday, May 3rd, at 6 p.m. and was detained there till about 11.30 p.m., when I saw him for the first time in the prison chapel, where the marriage was gone through and no speech allowed. He was taken back to his cell and I left the prison with Fr. Eugene MacCarthy of James's St. We tried to get shelter for the night and I was finally lodged at the house of Mr. Byrne—bell founder—in James's St. I went to bed at 1.30 and was wakened at 2 o'clock by a policeman, with a letter from the prison Commandant, Major Lennon, asking me to visit Joseph Plunkett. I was brought there in a motor and saw my husband in his

cell, the interview occupying ten minutes. During the interview the cell was packed with officers and a sergeant, who kept a watch in his hand, closed the interview by saying "Your time is now up."

Every detail of that night was deeply imprinted on Grace Plunkett's memory. A few points deserve emphasis. She entered that prison for the first time at 6 p.m. She was kept waiting for five and a half hours—till 11.30 p.m.—without being allowed to see the condemned man she was about to marry. Near midnight he was taken from his cell and conducted to the altar in handcuffs. These were removed for the ceremony and put on immediately after it. Then he was marched away. The prison chapel was in darkness, except that one soldier held a lighted candle. About twenty soldiers were present and one acted as witness.

Grace Plunkett was sent away without being granted any time with her husband after the ceremony. But, at 2 a.m., they came for her again. This second time she was allowed a bare ten minutes in his cell. Even for this brief period they were given no privacy. The cell, she recalled, was crowded with officers while the time was regulated by a soldier with an open watch. "We who had never had enough time to say what we wanted to each other," she said wistfully, "found that in that last ten minutes we could not talk at all."

According to convention, a criminal condemned to death is granted certain comforts. But in the case of this patriot and his wife nothing was done to soften the harshness of their fate. Although he was still ill, Joseph Plunkett was kept in a narrow, cold cell in a disused prison where the guards needed a roaring fire. His wife had the bleakest part of the ordeal to bear. At home there was such hostility to the National struggle that she was refused admission when she returned after her husband's execution.

It happens sometimes that an ordinary man or woman, without any outstanding qualities other than faith or love, is lifted up at the crisis of a movement and remains always as a symbol of humanity, showing to what heights of sacrifice one can reach. But, besides this, Grace Plunkett was a woman of artistic gifts in her own right. When she was an art student at the Slade School in London, Sir William Orpen painted her portrait as "Young Ireland" and this hung in the doorway of the Leicester Galleries for many years. He painted better than he knew, for Grace Gifford—as she then was—has remained ever since as a symbol of the Young Ireland of those stirring days. She used her artistic gifts in the National struggle and, later, she was known for her clever cartoons of Abbey Theatre celebrities.

Her verses are an index to her personality. She wrote one in memory of the 1916 leaders who

were her personal friends:—

Little we thought who watched your
strength and power,
That you would lie "defeated" 'neath
the sod;
The flag is furled that knew your glorious
hour,
Your eyes are closed now by the Hand
of God,
(And yet from age to age remember we
Christ did not die in vain on Calvary.)

When this was written, the issue of Ireland's freedom still hung in the balance. Her idealism found more ringing utterance in these later verses:—

Who battles with fire,
Who breasteth the flood
On the wings of desire
And armoured by God?
Round his head bowed by sorrow
The hero-light gleams
Rise! Bright dawns the morrow
O dreamer of dreams!

Although Joseph Plunkett's name was not used in connection with this verse, I do not believe that he could have been out of her heart and mind.

Seven years after that nightmare ordeal of her marriage in Kilmainham Gaol she was brought there as a prisoner. In the struggle between the Free State and the Republic she took the Republican side. This cold, stone prison, long disused and now a ruin, was then the place where women and girl prisoners were held. She saw again the cell where the last ten minutes with her husband were spoilt by the inhumanity of his captors. Into this place of terrible memories she was hurled once more. A nurse in the prison hospital took pity on her and brought her a box of cheap paints. With these she painted the graceful figures of the Madonna and Child on the rough wall of her cell. I saw it there years later when the prison was broken and deserted, pigeons flying through the gaping windows and weeds sprouting among the ill-famed stones. It was still an appealing picture, the colours fresh and gleaming.

In this prison there was much sickness, for it was without heat and had been condemned as unfit for use many years before. Yet, when the women prisoners were told that they would be removed to the North Dublin Union, they refused to go without two of their number who were on hunger strike. Soldiers were sent at 9 p.m. to remove them forcibly, dragging them from landing to landing, throwing them down the iron staircases. Grace Plunkett described it to me as being like a picture of hell, with oaths, screams, struggles and blows. This military operation went on all night. But she paid a tribute to the wardresses who shielded the girls from brutality as far as they could.

In the early morning she was transferred to the North Dublin Union and remembered the journey, for it was in May and she saw the river and the green trees as she sped by. She was glad to be out of that grim bastille of unhappy memories. But she had to spend a further three months in the North Dublin Union before she was released.

When the order for release finally came, she refused to leave without her sister, Mrs. Gifford-Wilson, who was imprisoned with her and shared her home.

I met her after these troubles, in the early thirties. And even then an artist could have taken her as a model for Young Ireland. She had not been broken by suffering. The storms had left her young, slim, erect in body and in spirit. Her proud, sensitive face had vivacity and animation. Time—the greatest artist of all—had pencilled in those lines of character. Her firm chin and delicately moulded features were as clear-cut as a cameo.

I understood the terrible aftermath of 1916 when she told me how empty Dublin seemed to her then. It was not just the death of one man, however dear, but of a whole intimate group. "Something would happen," she said, "and I would think, I must tell so-and-so, then I would suddenly remember that he, like the others, was dead."

Never did she adopt any pathetic pose. She carried her courage like a gay plume. But she had quick transitions. Sometimes she was a graceful dancing figure, in a frieze-like design, then a devotee kneeling at the altar or lighting candles at a shrine. For her generation she lit the candles of truth and loyalty at the Altar of Life.

When her health failed I saw her in a nursing home. Her talk then was of early days with the Countess Markievicz and of pictures she had been painting.

At her death the wheel turned full circle. After her marriage in Kilmainham she was hurried out of the prison to make way for the firing squad which ended her husband's life. At her funeral in Dublin, picked men of the National Army fired a volley over her grave as a last salute from the Irish nation.

R. M. Fox

# THE SANTALS ON LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

[ **Shri Charulal Mukherjea, M.A., B.L.,** a thoughtful investigator of tribal life and manners among the Santals of Northeast India, has more than once shared some of his interesting findings with readers of THE ARYAN PATH.—ED.]

Anyone who has closely observed the Austric-speaking pre-Dravidian Santals of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, forming the largest aboriginal tribe of the area, cannot but be struck with their *joie de vivre* and the extraordinary *naïveté* of their folk songs. To all appearances, the Santal is a jolly good fellow, and his merry ox-eyed partner, a jungle beauty decked with leaves and flowers of all hues, has an extra fund of joy. Living in grinding poverty, it is astonishing how he can laugh and be merry, when all the world is going wrong. It is significant that a missionary told E. G. Man, the author of *Sonthalia and the Sonthals*, more than ninety years ago: "A Santal will manage to live where even a rat would starve." Even red-ants, termites, and the flesh of tigers, bears, crows, mice, frogs and snakes suit their palate, and, wandering in Santalia, we heard such comments as: "Oh, they will eat anything that flies except aeroplanes and anything that swims except boats."

When one looks at these tribals at their dances or just off from work, men playing on flutes and women tripping along in merry bunches, they seem to carry out to its logical conclusion the hedonistic philosophy of "eat, drink and be merry, and care not for the morrow." Such seemingly epicurean nonchalance meets an observant eye during a good harvest or on the eve of one of their tribal festivals, when their gay abandon and the spontaneous overflow of their hearts are most evident.

Wherein lies the inner source of this joy? We may only quote to ourselves the famous line in an Upanishad which speaks of the birth of this universe of ours from joy perennial and eternal, perhaps the quintessence of the primordial cause. But this would not do in the case of the jungle folk, our aboriginals.

As we were ruminating over this Santal variety of hedonism, we came across a folk song of the Santals that threw some light on this particular aspect of their mind and soul. We give below a free rendering of the poem in the hope that it may prove interesting to THE ARYAN PATH's readers:—

We eat and drink and make us merry,
We live our lives in joy divine;
This earthly body gasps for breath,
What's the joy in the sleep of death?

There's joy in a wander-lust,
Joy in treks from land to land.

Like morning dew sparkling, fading,
Like dancing drops on glistening leaves,
Our lives in balance tremble here.

A little reflection, however, will

reveal that the inner source of the Santal's joy in life is not the epicurean outlook we generally associate with Omar Khayyam as distilled into English poetry by the pessimistic school of thought represented by FitzGerald in his famous stanza :—

> Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
> A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
> And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Nor do we find in the Santal folk song evidence of a philosophy similar to that enunciated in the famous lines associated with Charvaka: *Yavat jivet sukhan jivet, Rinam kritva ghritam pibet* (So long as you live, live well: drink clarified butter even by borrowing).

The source of the Santal's joy lies embedded in the lines in the middle of the song celebrating the Santal's wanderlust, his joy in "treks from land to land," in the lure of the virgin soil, new flowers and leaves.

Anyone who has studied the story of the genesis and migration of the Santals in their legends will be struck by their migratory instinct. History shows that the infiltration of civilization in early times generally pushed the tribe into the backwoods where they could live well their primitive carefree life.

With characteristic *naïveté*, the Santal Guru Kolean told the Rev. Skerfsrud that, since the very beginning of things, the Santals were ever migrating "like the caterpillars, advancing, grazing and eating." Although the tribe has accepted the life of settled agriculturists, the inner urge to perpetual movement towards the newer beauties that the earth can offer is wonderfully revealed, in the song quoted above, as an ever-present instinct in the heart and soul of the tribe.

Virgin Nature may thus claim herself to be "both law and impulse" to the Santals, and this throws some light on the frank, straightforward and essentially truthful nature of the tribe. And even the corroding influence of what is called "civilization" has not to any great extent robbed the people of their primary virtues—the same ones with which Wordsworth imagined his dream-child Lucy to be clothed, as a result of her perfect education by Nature herself. It is a tribute to humanity that the heart of the Santals is still sound.

When we have thus had a glimpse into the philosophy of the Santals in their life on the earth, it may be worth while to notice their outlook on the hereafter. We might recall a line already quoted above, "What's the joy in the sleep of death?" According to them, Heaven (*Serma disom*—literally, the "Sky country") is situated up in the blue skies. It is also called *Svarag*. There the gods, Marang Buru (the chief presiding deity) and others, live. At times they also come down to earth. When, after man's death, his bones are thrown into the sacred river Damodar, his *mul* (shadow,

soul) goes up to *Serma disom*. There it is that the virtuous ones live, enjoying heavenly bliss with the gods themselves.

Those who were sinners on earth are consigned to *Naraka* (hell). It is a very painful place where big worms feed perpetually on those thus punished, and a variety of other tortures are also provided; *e.g.*, they may be ordered to unweave the knots of a net. *Naraka* is the abode of Jom Raja (the King of Death), who takes away the sinners from the earth and imprisons them there. The men and women who go there without their cicatrization and tattoo-marks, respectively, are made to sit with their hands outspread, and they are then made to embrace (*hobor*) huge drum-sized worms, by the regents of the nether world. When these worms move, those punished undergo extreme pain.

As regards the period of such punishments and rebirth on earth for those who are consigned to hell, some believe that they are born again as beasts and birds on earth; but, if their sin is expiated completely, they can have rebirth as men. Others are disposed to believe that sinners never come back to earth as men, but only as birds and beasts.

Those in Heaven have to stay there through the third generation. To make the position clear we should remember that the Santals worship ancestor spirits up to and including the grandfather. When, with the death of the householder and the consequent change in generation, the man in *Serma disom* does not receive propitiation on earth any more, his period of stay is over. Let us take an example. A householder worships among the ancestor spirits his grandfather. When the householder dies and becomes an ancestor spirit himself, the grandfather becomes a great grandfather to the son of the householder, hence not to be worshipped, and is reborn on earth.

CHARULAL MUKHERJEA

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# A USEFUL PROJECT

The Canara Bank Golden Jubilee Education Fund recently registered at Bangalore has several interesting features. The fact that its student loans for higher education are repayable in easy instalments at a low rate of interest saves the recipients' self-respect. It also lets them share by their repayments in making like opportunities available to students who come after them. The Bank has contributed generously to the Fund, which it will administer and which public donations and repaid loans will augment.

The commendable features of the Fund include the provisions that loans will be made without regard to caste or creed and will be available for general as well as scientific and technical education. India will need not only skilful hands but also well-stored minds and hearts, not only recruits to scientific and technological projects but also thinkers, educators and administrators.

# BROWNING AND THE BEAUTIFUL: A PLEA FOR UNDERSTANDING

[**Mr. Peter Malekin** pleads in this balanced article for justice to a great poet whose sometimes difficult style has denied him the appreciation deserved by his genuine poetic and ethical sensibility.—ED.]

Browning is an unpopular poet today and has in fact generally been among the less popular poets ever since his works were first published. A popular judgment which almost consistently thinks poorly of a poet is not likely to be entirely wrong—and I do not think that it is entirely wrong in this case. Nevertheless, there are certain reasons why we are at the present time blind even to the good in Browning, and these reasons are worth investigating.

The root of the matter is that Browning thinks in a diametrically opposite way to our own. His conception of the world is similar to the Greek or the Eastern. At the centre of his conception is the "Idea" with the physical as its periphery—hence his views on pre-existence, reincarnation and, more important for our present purposes, beauty.

Perhaps the most concise and the clearest expositions of Browning's thought are to be found in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," and from these poems are taken the illustrations of the salient points of the system.

The human soul is, for Browning, by nature eternal, and the corollary of its eternity is pre-existence:—

> Fool! All that is, at all,
> Lasts ever, past recall;
> Earth changes, but thy soul and God
> stand sure:
> What entered into thee,
> *That* was, is, and shall be:
> Time's wheel runs back or stops;
> Potter and clay endure.
>
> ("Rabbi Ben Ezra," xxvii)

As a necessary corollary of pre-existence Browning postulates human reincarnation:—

> Therefore I summon age
> To grant youth's heritage,
> Life's struggle having so far reached
> its term:
>
> Then shall I pass, approved
> A man, for aye removed
> From the developed brute; a God tho'
> in the germ.
>
> And I shall thereupon
> Take rest, ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and
> new:
> Fearless and unperplexed,
> When I wage battle next,
> What weapons to select, what armour
> to indue.
>
> ("Rabbi Ben Ezra," xiii, xiv)

Browning is not explicit about the exact nature of this reincarnation—whether it be from human body to human body or from world to world; but it is clear that he regards it as a process of perfecting ("a God tho' in the germ") and that he does not conceive of it as a process of metempsychosis into

animal bodies ("A man, for aye removed From the developed brute").

From the notion of the perfectibility of man is developed the idea that evil is only a comparative reality on the plane of gain and loss, whereas the Good which we occasionally glimpse and occasionally express has a permanence beyond time. In Browning's own words:—

> There shall never be one lost good:
> What was, shall live as before;
> The evil is null, is nought, is silence
> implying sound;
> What was good, shall be good, with,
> for evil, so much good more;
> On the earth the broken arcs; in the
> heaven, a perfect round.
>
> ("Abt Vogler" ix)

Despite, however, the fact that evil is thought of as a comparative reality, one of the illusions of existence, the importance of life in the world of the body bound by these illusions is not denied, and the body is looked upon as a blessing, providing a necessary field of experience:—

> Let us not always say
> "Spite of this flesh today
> I strove, made head, gained ground upon
> the whole!"
> As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
> than flesh helps soul!"
>
> ("Rabbi Ben Ezra," xii)

Thus through the world of the pairs of opposites man progresses towards godhood, while, "a paradox Which comforts while it mocks," it is man's failures—aspirations he was unable to fulfil—which are the most important part of him:—

> All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me,
> This, I was worth to God, whose wheel
> the pitcher shaped.
>
> ("Rabbi Ben Ezra," xxv)

These ideas, strange though they may seem in the context of nineteenth-century England, occur in other English writers of the time and are very closely paralleled by the thought of Theosophy as expounded later in the century, when Browning met at least one of the leaders of the Theosophical Movement. It is not clear from what source Browning derived these ideas —the translations of Eastern scriptures, beginning about this time, may have been a source, or the works of the Greeks, while Jacob Boehme and Paracelsus could also have influenced Browning greatly in the development of his thought.

For our present purposes, however, it is the result rather than the source of Browning's conceptions that is important. The result is Browning's idea of beauty. The purpose of poet, musician or artist is, as Browning sees it, to catch the noumenal idea (what he calls in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" "the whole design") behind the phenomena of our progression through the illusory world of experience, and then to show it to others mirrored in the multiple forms and episodes of existence:—

> But God has a few of us whom He
> whispers in the ear;
> The rest may reason and welcome;
> 'tis we musicians know.
>
> ("Abt Vogler," xi)

From these two conceptions, that the minute and passing is the mirror of infinity, and that the poet's task is to perceive this reflection, fix it in an art form and communicate it to others, most of the characteristics of Browning's verse derive; hence his interest in trivialities (the poet trying the mortar with his stick in "How It Strikes a Contemporary" immediately springs to mind), hence his interest in the isolated episode, hence his interminable interest in human nature, the half-finished product of the whole process of existence, at once the accurate reflection and the hideous distortion of the final end.

Unless we grasp what Browning was trying to do he is bound to appear flatly moral or boringly pedantic. His thought gives the clue to his aim in the long psychological poems and in his shorter works like "Porphyria's Lover," "My Last Duchess" and "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister." It also explains his enthusiasm for love, which he felt lifted man into contact with the world of eternal values, and his optimism, distasteful to our own age of cynicism, because he thought human nature capable of achieving perfection through suffering.

In the final analysis, however, all that the realization of Browning's intentions can do is to make us approach his work receptively and with sympathy; it will not necessarily make us like Browning's writings. Perhaps his biggest fault as a poet is that he gives the impression of reasoning in verse rather than of conveying an immediately perceived insight into the nature of things—not that this should be a drawback in an age which idolizes Dryden. His moralizing seems a little forced, his pointing out of the correct conclusion a little too obviously done for it to be accepted by the reader without resistance. His profundity may often as a result seem pretentious. He did not create living symbols easily; consequently Wordsworth's leech-gatherer, even though Wordsworth does nothing with his symbol once created, is a more powerful figure than any in Browning with the possible exception of Childe Roland. Nevertheless, without a more sympathetic approach than is normal with us we shall never do Browning the justice of crediting him with those poetic virtues which he does possess.

PETER MALEKIN

# LOGIC OF THE MIND AND LOGIC OF THE HEART

[**Dr. D. Gurumurti, M.A.**, examines his subject from the viewpoint of modern psychology, but he also complements this with the Indian, emphasizing the idea of the perfectibility of man. While the reasoning mind is a very important avenue in the search for truth and in disciplining the sensuous desires, the real heart has its own language and faculty. As H. P. Blavatsky points out, "Intuition soars above the tardy processes of ratiocinative thought," and it is the faculty which the enlightened human heart employs, making use of the language of Correspondence and Analogy.—ED.]

Human life appears to be a theatre where two master-forces—intellect and emotion—have their play. Most activities are traceable to the drive and direction of these two forces. But often a duality is visible in their manifestation. The intellect points one way while emotion drags one another way. This contrast is implied by the title of this essay. Pascal, the great French writer, put it thus: "The heart has its own reasons of which reason knows not." It is a matter of common experience that we see the better course but follow the worse. An examination of this problem will be helped by a glance at the central question of ethics and by the evidence of modern psychology.

Should there be a conflict between reason and the dynamic power of the emotions? The ideal of ethical good, the criterion of morality, requires a proper co-ordination of these two factors in human conduct. All great moral philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant and others, have held that the morally perfect life implies proper subordination of the emotions and appetites to the regulative control of reason—the highest intellectual aspect of man's nature.

Plato's theory[1] of the soul makes use of the conception of a whole or unity expressing itself in a variety of aspects. Three aspects of the soul can be distinguished—the reasoning; the higher, nobler emotions; and the appetites and passions. The character of an individual's conduct is determined by that aspect which predominates. In the good man the reasoning aspect exercises control, subordinating the other aspects to its authority.

Modern psychology has discarded the outworn conception of faculties in the soul independent of each other. Analytical psychology finds consciousness to be a unity in the form of a stream in which several strands can be distinguished which are severally designated as reasoning, as

[1] I am indebted to Professor C. E. M. JOAD's exposition in his book, *Guide to the Philosophy of Morals and Politics*. A few extracts are used in this essay.

emotion, as desire or as appetite. As Professor Joad says:—

> ...human consciousness is more like a flowing river than a bundle of sticks. It is not desire plus reason plus emotion plus will plus instinct: it is a whole or unity, which expresses itself sometimes in a predominantly rational, at other times a predominantly appetitive or instinctive way.

Reason, emotion, appetite are

> different channels along which the river of psychical activity may flow, the important point being that it is the whole soul which functions at any one of the levels, the whole river which flows at any moment along each of the channels.

Virtue consists in a right relation between the various aspects of the soul. For Plato the right relation consists in the appetitive aspect of the soul being in subjection to the reasoning aspect. Two metaphors employed by Plato illustrate the point. In one metaphor the soul is likened to a chariot drawn by a number of unruly horses. Each horse following its own impulses, the chariot is drawn hither and thither as each horse exerts its pull, pursuing a zigzag course until, unable to follow any definite direction, it is overturned or dashed to pieces. This is the picture when the soul is dominated by the passions. In another metaphor, the charioteer who holds the reins of the horses, controls them, allows to each only as much pull as will not interfere with the others, uniting the different urges into one harmonious pull and driving the chariot along an appointed course. This is the picture of the soul in which the reasoning aspect is in control. The virtuous man is one in whom every aspect of the soul knows its sphere and keeps to it.

But the question arises as to what happens when reason is overpowered. This is what agonized Arjuna asks Sri Krishna:—

> But, dragged on by what does a man commit sin reluctantly, O Varshneya, indeed, by force constrained, as it were?
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, III. 36)

The existence of this powerful force in human nature has been emphasized in modern times by the new branch of psychology known as psychoanalysis. According to a leading exponent of it, our normal waking consciousness is only a small fragment, while there lies behind it a vast ocean of unconsciousness which is impinging on the waking consciousness. The main springs of our nature lie outside the realm of waking consciousness. What we know as our normal, conscious experience is only a sublimated or distorted part of our unconscious urges and stresses. Consciousness is somewhat like a huge iceberg floating on the waters, which has only a tenth of itself visible above the surface, the waking consciousness, while below rests the vast unseen mass, the unconscious forces. Professor Joad says:—

> The unconscious is pictured as a

restless sea of instinct and impulse, agitated by gusts of libido, swept by waves of desire, and threaded by the currents of urge and drive. Upon these waves and currents, consciousness, with all that it contains, bobs helplessly like a cork, the movements of the cork being determined by the nature and direction of the ground swells below the surface.

The fundamental forces of human nature are, according to Freud, "not rational or moral but instinctive and impulsive." Even reason is regarded as an expression of the instinctive natural forces:—

> It is a feeble shoot springing from a deep, dim foundation of unconscious strivings and maintaining a precarious existence as their apologist and their handmaid.

Leading modern psychologists hold that the primary motive forces of human nature are the instincts. Professor McDougall says:—

> The instincts are the prime movers of all human activity; by the conative or impulsive force of some instinct every train of thought, however cold and passionless it may seem, is borne along towards its end...all the complex intellectual apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but the instrument by which these impulses seek their satisfaction.

That there are deep levels in human nature which exert a powerful influence on human conscious life is the central truth brought out by modern psychology. But to say that the human being is nothing beyond these is an overstatement. Man's life achieves its fruition in his development of a rounded perfection, wherein all aspects of his nature are integrated into a total personality. That is the reason why Eastern wisdom has placed perfection as the goal of human life. The highest good for any organism lies in the complete development of its nature. This means the realization of its most distinctive capacities, which in the case of man constitute the life of reason. The highest kind of good for man is in the activity of his reason.

The Sankhya system of Indian philosophy, in its analytical scheme, regards *Prakriti*, Primordial Matter, as having evolved out of itself *Buddhi* or *Mahat*, the principle of reason; *Ahamkara*, egoism; *Manas*, mind; the organs of sense; the organs of action; the finer elements and the grosser elements. All these evolutes of *Prakriti* are characterized by the threefold strand of the *gunas* or qualities: *Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*. *Tamas* is the vast elemental essence consisting of the urges which psychoanalysis has overemphasized. *Rajas* is the principle of action which is the emotional drive behind all active manifestation; while *Sattva* is the principle of equilibrium and rational control. It is man's duty to control his *Rajas* and *Tamas* by means of his *Sattvic* nature which seeks for the truth of things and the right law of action. In the words of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan[2]:—

[2] "Introductory Essays" to *The Bhagavadgita*, by S. RADHAKRISHAN.

Man is a complex, multi-dimensional being, including within him different elements of matter, life, consciousness, intelligence and the divine spark. He is free when he acts from the highest level and uses the other elements for the realization of his purpose.

When the senses are subdued and kept under control, when the empirical self with its tides of experience comes under the control of the *Buddhi*, in which the light of Consciousness, *Prajna*, is reflected, we rise above the play of *Prakriti* and see the real Self. The power of understanding enables us to co-operate consciously with the work of the world and lifts us above the movements of matter, the growth of plants and the acts of animals. If man yields to his impulses and passions he belies his humanity.

The phenomenon of mass hysteria is a pointer. Human beings in groups, swayed by alarms and fears, are capable of anti-social actions which as individuals they would never do. The logic of the mind, with its principles of coherence and relevancy, should lead men to actions which serve the individual good without jeopardizing the public good. But the logic of the heart, the driving power of the emotions, tends to sweep men off their balance, resulting in a lowering of their level of behaviour. The mind has to play its part in bringing about a sublimation of the power of emotion and direct it into constructive channels.

Certain ascetic disciplines speak of killing out sensibility and the emotional nature. This is most undesirable as it would result in warping and twisting the psychical nature, and lead to irreparable harm to the individual. Monsters are made that way. The emotional nature is a valuable tool and given disciplined growth will endow the individual with the capacity for essential work and add to the richness and fullness of life. It is the medium for the realization of beauty, which is one of the ultimate values.

The passions and emotions are the raw material out of which character is formed. Character is expressed in acts. The nature of acts depends on the ends desired and valued. The ends desired reflect the quality of the individual. The problem of right action involves two factors: the individual must first acquire insight into the nature of the good; then he must develop the will to put that insight into practice. The phenomenon of knowing the good but doing the bad is not infrequent. The intellectual power to conceive the ideal of conduct must be made to flow over into the will to make one's action conform to the ideal. Here the emotions, which are the driving power, have to be yoked into service. For when the emotions are allowed to sway, the co-ordination fails and the intellect is baulked. A well-developed character is one which invariably carries out the right idea in appropriate action.

Even in the coldest reasoning state there is an element of feeling present and even in the warmest state of emotion there is an element of reason. The feeling helps to further the mental activity and the thought gives strength to the emotional state. Even the fanatic, rushing into feverish action at the top of an emotion, has in his consciousness the thought of self-righteousness, some rationalization of his motives. The lone philosopher, ascending to his intellectual castle in the skies, has the glow of a warm elation buoying him up. But it is when the mind and the heart function in concert that the heights of human achievement are attained.

According to Aristotle the goal for the sage is the exercise of the theoretical intellect. The good life is the life of the mind whether it is devoted to creation in art, to the quest of knowledge in scientific research or to the contemplation of the essential nature of things, sometimes called philosophy, at other times, mysticism. The theoretical reason is an expression of the divine in man and in pursuing the contemplation of ultimate truths the individual partakes in the activity of God.

The *Gita* ideal of a *Sthita Prajna* describes the integrated personality of the spiritual, which is the real, Man. In this integration intellect, emotion and will reach their harmony and fulfilment.

D. GURUMURTI

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# ON FOOD REFORM

Although no practice should become a fetish, however humanitarian in aim, it is well to note the movements that uphold humanitarian ideas. Veganism seems to be one of these and is explained in a pamphlet, *Veganism and Why?* by A. S. R. Chari. The laudable object of the Vegan Society is stated: "to end the exploitation of animals by man"; its practice seems to centre on diet reform, although it ramifies further also.

Its accent on diet must explain why Veganism is also called here "the keystone of Nature Cure"; but for one who understands the scientific system of Naturopathy (popularly called Nature Cure) how this claim can be legitimate is not clear. Unfortunately, in India many unqualified persons profess to be Nature Cure practitioners and without adequate training and knowledge prescribe diets, etc.; and there being no authorized Institutions for training Naturopaths in India, as there are in the West, makes exploitation of the authentic Naturopathic System of Healing possible. But, this aside, the effort of Vegans to diminish the exploitation of animals by man can only be praised.

Although probably few can agree with Shri Chari throughout, his pamphlet gives material for thought and for heart searching.

E. P. T.

# NEW BOOKS AND OLD

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS*

The comparative study of religions, though a fairly recent branch of the humanities, should by now have revolutionized our ideas about the nature and attributes of Deity and man's attitude towards it. But it is a sad reflection on the human mind that so many of us still maintain that the faith we hold, the religion we practise, is *the* truth and that everybody else's claim must be false and, in fact, is false. For is it not a fact that the more convinced we are of the truth of our beliefs and convictions, the more we are also convinced of our moral superiority and consequently the more intolerant we are of the claims of other religious systems? Is it not a fact that the age of toleration, the much vaunted Age of Reason, was crowned by the religion of Reason? This was a deism distinct from the great historical religions of mankind, no matter how hard deists as well as adherents of these religions tried to arrive at a harmony between deified Reason and the revealed religions. But the religions reasserted themselves, and as they did so their claim to the exclusive possession of Truth was renewed, to the detriment of mutual tolerance and of a humanizing of inter-human relations. Yet the real test of the truth of a religion is its impact on man's relations with his fellow man.

It is precisely because our mind is set that the established results of a comparative study of religions have so far not been able to make us change our minds, to make us less assertive and more humble in the face of the universal quest for God (or a multiplicity of gods). This quest transcends races, nations and creeds, and the student of the history of religions soon realizes that the common ground between men in their quest for and worship of God is far more solid and enduring than the shifting sands of political allegiance and the transitoriness of economic and social aspirations grounded in materialism.

No better guide could be recommended than the book under review by the distinguished Professor of the History of Religions in the University of Rome, who has devoted a lifetime of research and penetrating thought to the elucidation of beliefs which unite and separate men all over the globe. He calls his truly global study "Researches into Early Religion and Culture," and no sensitive reader, honest with himself, can lay aside this fascinating account without a feeling of humility and he can but marvel at the unifying pattern which primitive and advanced, black and white, men alike followed. The book represents a "grand tour" of a different kind: we meet again and again, wherever Professor Pettazzoni's research leads us, an all-knowing God; and, despite local variations, a fixed type emerges which plays an important part in the lives of countless ordinary men and women and which represents a great influence for good on inter-human relations. The journey starts from the Pygmies in Africa and proceeds to Egypt, Babylonia, Phœnicia, Israel, the Hittites, India, Iran, Greece, Ancient Rome, the Thracians, the Celts, the

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* *The All Knowing God: Researches into Early Religion and Culture.* By RAFFAELE PETTAZZONI. Authorized Translation by H. J. ROSE. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. xv + 475 pp. Illustrated. 1956. 60*s*.)

Teutons, the Slavs, the Ugro-Finns, the Uralo-Altaics, the Siberians, China, Assam and Upper Burma, the Negritos of the Andaman and the Philippine Islands and Malacca, Indonesia, Oceania, Australia, North America, Mexico and Central America, and comes to an end in South America.

It is impossible to do justice to the wealth of material that illustrates the thesis of the erudite author in a short review, quite apart from the fact that this would require a specialist of at least similar stature. I can do no more than set out briefly the author's thesis and illustrate it with a few examples taken from the Indian cultures with which the reader is familiar. It is refreshing to see the author come out against the idea of evolution in the form of

> a single constant line of development, starting from an original plurality...passing...to three leading figures...till it leads to the unifying concept of a single Lord of all animals who in his turn develops at last into a sky-god.

At the same time he advances cogent arguments against a primitive "monotheism," which some noted anthropologists assume. For the "Supreme Being of savage peoples is but an approximation to the ideal monotheism." The great monotheistic religions postulate a concrete, personal God, not an abstract attribution of divine attributes as the result of theological speculation. Consequently, he adopts the principle of a culture-pattern which all the peoples of the same economic and social mode of life have in common, and he distinguishes between a "divine omniscience"—the subject of the book—which is visual and a "magical and oracular knowledge" or the wisdom of human diviners, shamans and medicine men. The "Lord of animals" as the earliest of the "Supreme Beings" is endowed with magical omniscience. But Divine omniscience must have light in order to see, that is, to know. Hence, a sky-god is its possessor. The author discovers among all peoples worshipping an omniscient sky-god one cultural world. This culture originated in desert and steppe.

We have either a simple form with a sky-god as "Supreme Being" or a compound form, usually the result of a fusion of peoples of different cultures or, as I would say, modes of life, a sky-father with an earth-mother. That means that a farming culture dependent on the fertility of the soil—hence mother earth—preserves the religious concepts of a hunting culture. The latter depends on good weather; its people see in bad weather a punishment of the sky-god who commands wind and rain, sunshine and clouds, and whose symbol of power often is the thunderbolt. Difference in gods is primarily due to a difference in culture, such as that between nomadic herdsmen—stockbreeders—and agricultural, pastoral and matrilineal peoples.

The all-knowing God is first of all the all-seeing (and often also the all-hearing) God. He sees not only man's actions, notably his bad ones, but even knows his innermost thoughts. He watches from his abode in heaven the man below and punishes his evil deeds, which are considered sins and transgressions against the omniscient sky-god. He is invoked as witness in oaths and treaties. Punishment is meted out for ill-treatment of animals, incest and adultery, and violations of tribal rules. Sometimes this all-seeing Supreme Being who is actively concerned with man and his actions is also omnipotent and as such a Creator-god, who as Lord of Heaven and Earth uses the phenomena of weather to punish man, for example by sending a flood. Of all the peoples whose concepts of Deity are discussed, the author singles out California as the classic land of creation myths. Significantly, omniscience is subordinated to the creative activity which is closely linked with origins. He thinks:—

> The myth of origins is the ideological foundation of tribal society, the charter on which the whole life of the tribe is based, in its cosmic, social, religious and other aspects.

...The Creator becomes the dominant figure ...and the basic theme of the creation of the universe and of man is fitted, now to Thunder or Moon, now to sundry bestial characters, thus giving rise to the miscellaneous types of Creator....The attribute of Divine omniscience...is founded on nature-myths....

It is different with creative activity. In the historical monotheistic religions the one God is the Creator and the god of the sky possessed of all-knowing cosmic wisdom in one, for example the God of Israel, YHWH. One of the most interesting chapters is that on India, and Divine omniscience is discussed under the headings: Vedism and Brahmanism; Hinduism; and Buddhism and Jainism. Dyaus is "all-knowing" in the *Rig-Veda*; so is Varuna, whose omniscience, though embracing the universe, is concentrated on the actions of man. Mitra is likewise all-seeing, usually associated with Varuna: "There are no secrets that ye cannot fathom" (*Rig-Veda*, VII, 61,5; see also VII, 61, 3). In Hinduism the omniscience associated with Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva is related to universal vision. In addition to literary sources, full use is made in this chapter of archæological discoveries, especially of those at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa. Our knowledge of the culture and religion of pre-Vedic and pre-Aryan origin has been greatly enriched. The author next finds in Buddhism the two kinds of omniscience mentioned at the beginning: Hinayana Buddhism knows magic omniscience whereas Mahayana Buddhism knows seeing omniscience. "Gautama . . . is omniscient in virtue of his being *buddha*, that is to say, having attained *bodhi*, knowledge of the supreme truth of salvation."

The author deserves the unstinted praise and gratitude of all men of good-will who see in truth a vehicle to a moral life in society. The English-reading public is indebted to the learned translator, Professor H. J. Rose.

ERWIN I. J. ROSENTHAL

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*Narcissus: A Psychological Study of Self-Love*. By GRACE STUART. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 166 pp. 1956. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Mrs. Stuart's first book was *Private World of Pain* and I can recall the admiration with which I read it, when reviewing it for another journal. In this previous book she gave a courageous account of what it is like to be accepted by the world as a perpetual invalid, to be continually reminded of one's illness and to have suitable invalid talk served out to one on every possible occasion. So firmly had her friends put her in what they regarded as her appropriate place that when she began to recover from her rheumatoid arthritis she had to fight to escape from it.

In this book she reveals the same psychological insight, sincerity and erudition which were features of her previous work, but the theme of the beautiful youth who dies of self-love seems not so congenial to her. In *Private World of Pain* there was a pure and shining wisdom distilled out of suffering, but in this book there is a wisdom which is only partly her own. I admire her new book, but it does not move me.

Mrs. Stuart writes very cleverly of self-love and of self-hatred, but what is this "self" of which she speaks but which she never defines? "What do I mean by my self?" is perhaps the most important question any person can ask of himself, and nowhere in this book is it ever put. Yet, in the very last page, the author comes so very near to it that I am left wondering why this question of all questions has not been discussed. It is the button moulder in Peer Gynt who at last speaks of the self for which we have to search, and I confess that I was mightily glad to hear his voice:—

But, my dear Peer, it's really unnecessary
To take on so much about such a small thing.

You have never really been *yourself,*
So why bother now if you go for good?

Mrs. Stuart would have found other interesting reflections about the self in Ibsen's description of Peer Gynt peeling the onion and seeking in vain for its kernel. But, apart from the confusion caused by Mrs. Stuart's acceptance of the existence in us of a single unit, clearly labelled "self," when no such thing as this exists, this is an interesting and beautifully written book.

KENNETH WALKER

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*Man in his Relationships*. Edited by H. WESTMANN. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. 140 pp. Illustrated. 1955. 14*s*.)

This volume consists of the subject-matter of the tenth Present Question Conference, held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, in July 1954. It appears that the basic idea behind the various Present Question Conferences has been that of discovering the right question in order to find the right answer. The fundamental problem today, it is felt, is how to communicate, how to bridge the gap between specialists.

The contents, all contributed by specialists in their particular fields, are diverse, ranging from "Man in Relation to Himself" by H. Westmann, psychotherapist and founder of the Conferences, to "The Background of Buddhism" by A. L. Basham, Reader in Ancient Indian History, School of Oriental and African Studies, London, and the provocative "Man and the Machine" by John A. Mack, Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship, University of Glasgow.

The whole book would be of value to a discussion group, if only because of the great diversity of authors and the quite amazing complexity of their English composition. In a conference ostensibly devoted to communication it is indeed paradoxical to find hardly one plain statement of fact or opinion expressed. Everything is qualified in the most subtle and specialized manner, and enormous care is taken to specify what each author is *not* talking about. The exception to this, however, is to be found in the article on Buddhism, although here, also, are shown various points of view and references are made to different authorities, thus giving opportunity for further reading and study.

A helpful quotation:—

> It is believed as an article of faith by orthodox Buddhists that the daily meditations of love and compassion, joy and equanimity, of the hundreds and thousands of Buddhist monks throughout Asia, really do have a positive effect upon the welfare of the world...

There is, unfortunately, no index, but an interesting summary of the contents of former Present Question Conferences from 1946 onwards is at the end of the volume.

ELIZABETH CROSS

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*The Philosophic History of Civilization*. By JENNINGS C. WISE. (Philosophical Library, New York. 404 pp. 1955. $4.75)

What should be the perspective of a philosophic history of civilization? It should free history from being compartmentalized. A philosophic history of civilization must be based on the facts of science: those provided by geology, archæology, physical anthropology, ethnology.

> ...the history of civilization could not be written logically [says the author] without relating the evolutions of man and culture to the human habitat...the common philosophy of antiquity expressed through similar myths in widely separated areas traced back to the universal primordial concepts.

There is a metaphysics of history. But this must be distinguished from

the propagandist interpretation of history in the light of one's own metaphysical convictions, for the historian is not a propagandist.

The author's aim in writing this book is to show

> that the best that civilization has produced down the ages has been the product of faith in a wisdom superior to that mortals have so far displayed; that only where faith in Divinity has prevailed has human liberty been possible; that materialism invariably has yielded only misery to those who have departed from the primordial philosophy that lifted man from the plane of tooth and claw to the high estates of the nations of antiquity.

The primordial universal Wisdom Philosophy was based on the correspondences between celestial and terrestrial spheres. Broadly stated, this Philosophy conceived of the unity of the universe and of endless evolution through recurring cycles of birth and death, guided by the laws of cause and effect, of all things as the differentiating aspects of one Reality, of all truths as the reflection of the one Truth.

Mr. Wise reconstructs, through a chronology, the entire past of man and his civilization. The author's researches have extended over forty years, and his learning is vast and amazing. The book is an achievement and ought to be of very great interest to the scientist, the historian and the philosopher.

There are reconstructed maps of the world showing the distribution of land and water in the different epochs; a statement of the geological chronology of the different Ages of the earth and of its cycles; and a discussion of the Root Races of the earth.

N. A. NIKAM

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*The Philosophy of Epictetus*. By JOHN BONFORTE. (Philosophical Library, New York. 146 pp. 1955. $3.00)

Epictetus has influenced generations of earnest seekers of truth by his life and discourses. His fame rests not on the theoretical basis of his thought but on the way of life that he advocated with unique sincerity. The Discourses were translated before and Mr. Bonforte aims only at presenting them to the modern reader in a way easily intelligible.

Though Mr. Bonforte discerns similarities between the teaching of Jesus Christ and the Stoic sage, I think all Stoicism lacks the human touch and consideration for human frailties. But Stoicism has also, no doubt, great merit. It releases man from the bondage of fear and death. Epictetus enjoins us to be invincible in our Will. He sees the fear of death as the root of human misery and proclaims categorically: "Death is no ill, but shamefully to die." The teaching of Epictetus, as that of all Stoics, aims at making man independent of external circumstances and sufficient unto himself. As presented by Mr. John Bonforte, it provokes us to serious reflection and earnest meditation. We are told in simple and clear language the ills we are subject to and the means by which we can get rid of them.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

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*Christ and the Modern Opportunity: A Series of five Addresses delivered in Moyse Hall, McGill University, Montreal, Quebec.* By CANON CHARLES E. RAVEN. (S. C. M Press, Ltd., London. 88 pp. 1956. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Raven, formerly Regius Professor of Divinity, University of Cambridge, delivered these five addresses and one sermon, during a Mission held in McGill University, Canada, in 1955. In the Preface Canon Raven states that the book was printed from the tape-recording of the talks, and the reader will surely find a certain intimacy and liveliness that is not always to be noticed in the more formal essay.

The main claim of the Mission is that "in Christ Jesus mankind can find its unity, its solidarity, its inspiration, its guidance." With a scholarship that demands respect, and a clear method of expression that is indeed refreshing, the author gives us a brief review of mankind's efforts to find God. He reviews, also, some aspects of the Jewish faith and makes the little-known point that the

> very idea of a divine man was blasphemy and horror to the Jews of that day.... This is sufficient answer to those who say that Christianity just represents the typical deification of an insignificant human being.

The titles of the different addresses give a good guide to the contents: "The Claim of Christ Today," "Christ in a World of Science," "Christ and Social Problems," "Christ and the Individual," "Christ and Organized Christianity." And finally, in the sermon at Erskine and American Church he sums up the spirit of his Mission, and points out the reasons for earlier failures to achieve peace and unity in the world. To quote again, "We failed because we did not seek first, although we professed to do so, God's kingdom and God's righteousness." Further he says:—

> Nothing is more damaging at the present than the habit of contrasting one half of the world with the other, and saying "One is Christian and the other is atheist": that is just arrogance and self-blinding. It is not true.

The whole book is extremely stimulating; many problems are touched upon briefly but with great and outspoken honesty, and many references are made to different authorities and important books. For instance he discusses the problem of evil; earlier he gives details of St. Paul's spiritual growth and the many different ideas of God held by him and by those he was trying to teach. For example:—

> The Jews, he said, are crazy after power, they want a God of miracle. The Greeks are besotted with wisdom, they want a God who is a philosopher....We preach God imaged in a man on a cross; we preach Christ crucified. That is the only True Power, that is the only true wisdom.

This volume would make a very valuable basis for discussion groups, for students in their final year at high school, and for those at college, and for any adults who are prepared to do some serious thinking and to re-read their New Testament with an open mind.

Finally, although written with authority, there is no "take it or leave it" attitude; rather does he say, "Well, there is a situation which I want you to wrestle with."*

ELIZABETH CROSS

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*From Darkness to Light: A Confession of Faith in the form of an Anthology.* By VICTOR GOLLANCZ. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 668 pp. 1956. 15*s.*)

"Now Barabbas was a publisher," a wit observed. Victor Gollancz has turned the jest by showing, particularly since the war, that Barabbas may know better than most men that he

* Miss Cross adds a Note: He deals honestly with problems of colour differences, of War, etc , including the fear of Russia and Russia's fear of the U.S.A.—ED.

owes his life to Christ. The shrewd publicist in him has known when and where to strike in the cause of famine relief, compassion for the defeated, the abolition of capital punishment. And through the same years the inspiration underlying those pieces of benevolent opportunism has been expressed in a series of books which are all the more universal in appeal because they are intensely personal. Experience and not doctrine is the substance of Victor Gollancz's letters to his son Timothy. This new anthology, which follows his famous one of a year or two ago, *A Year of Grace*, is "semi-autobiographical" and mingles, not incongruously, excerpts from his own writings with the wisdom of the ages and passages from many living authors.

Like the earlier anthology, *From Darkness to Light* is designed to be read as a consecutive whole. Its effect is to remind one of Pascal's reply to charges that he had said nothing new: "If the same thoughts in a different arrangement do not form a different discourse, no more do the same words in their different arrangement form different thoughts." The unity of the book is the unity of experience of a widely-read and, not in the ordinary sense, an unworldly man who has searched his heart to know what he must live by. Thus the first words are, "I am a Jew." From thence he goes on to confess Christ as his Master. But he adds almost at once:—

> If I had been an Indian, Sri Krishna might have made the same impact on me. For I think that there are several Christs, but only one for each person.

The vast range of this indispensable book can only be indicated in a short notice by the titles of its four main Parts: "From Darkness to Light"; "The Unity"; "Truth, Reason and Beyond Reason"; "Religion and Religion." The sources are as universal in time and place as those of Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy*. The passages vary, so that a thirteen-page selection from a modern biography of Beethoven is followed by nine words from a Psalm. They are words that span much of the book's range: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." As the author elsewhere confesses, "In religious language, I come to God through the world." In his worldly avocation as a publisher, Victor Gollancz is moved by the spirit of another Psalm, perhaps: "That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works."

ROY WALKER

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*God and Country*. By CHARLES SCHOENFELD. (Philosophical Library, New York. 119 pp. 1955. $3.00)

The present age is properly called the atomic age, ushered in by atomic destruction towards the end of the last World War. Humanity, indeed, is trying hard to change it into an age of atomic utilization. Even more basically, it is the scientific age nearing its apex, which is changing rapidly our traditional religious conceptions, *mores* and values. Mr. Schoenfeld's book shows how our traditional concept of God, our faith in him, and the comfort and solace we derive from the faith are exposed as illusions built up by despairing man. The author accepts the psychoanalytic approach to the study, and he thinks that Freud towers above Newton, Einstein, Lavoisier and Curie. The reader finds an interesting summary of the psychoanalytic interpretations of religion and society and also of the goals of life. The author's observations on American life also are interesting.

It is indeed true that the traditional philosophies of religion, society and man committed blunders, as they were based mainly on religious teachings and were ignorant of the empirical structure of society and the nature of man. Hence started the revolts of physics, geology, biology and psychology against tradi-

tional theories. But we should not forget that there was a revolt of biology against physics and of psychology against physiology, which is a branch of biology—which means that no philosophy based upon any one of these sciences can be adequate to the rest. So we may say that neither can any philosophy based upon all the three be adequate to religious experience, which has its own peculiar nature and reality. It is one thing to say that traditional spiritual truths have to be re-examined and reoriented towards the psychological, biological and physical truths; but it is quite another thing to say that spiritual truths are nothing but symbolic illusions created by man for fictitious comfort and solace and so have to be explained away in terms of the truths of any one of these sciences. The author seems to favour the latter alternative, placing psychology above the other two. But it is difficult for all to do so. However, if one wants to know the psychoanalytic point of view within a short compass, the present book may well be recommended.

P. T. RAJU

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*The Scrolls from the Dead Sea.* By EDMUND WILSON. (W. H. Allen, London. 159 pp. 1955. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This account of the now famous Dead Sea Scrolls is the work of an American journalist, and is in the main a reprint of a New Yorker article published in the Summer of 1955. To readers untuned to American journalese, his style and over-use of the pronoun of the first person will be irritating. The writer seems, furthermore, to have a strong anti-British bias, and a possible gullibility where the Syrian Archbishop is concerned, which would make his account of the events leading to the sale of the Scrolls and the work on the fragments in Arab Jerusalem possibly unreliable. But when all that is said, it is a remarkable little book for a non-specialist to have written on what is fast becoming a most complicated and controversial subject. The quality of his judgment is, of course, uneven. He has apparently read quite widely, but is dependent for his understanding of the texts themselves on the translations of others, and the choice of some of his informants seems rather strange.

As a general guide, it may be said the narrative portions are interesting but not necessarily dependable. His account of the significance of the Scrolls is good. Where he quotes at length scholars of the calibre of Brownlee, Dupont-Sommer, Kuhn, Rowley and De Vaux, it should be appreciated that not all their opinions are shared by other scholars in the field, if, indeed, many of them are still held by these writers themselves.

The fact is that this is a fast developing field, as said by Mr. Wilson himself. The tens of thousands of fragments in Arab Jerusalem are beginning to yield up their secrets, the copper scroll is cut open, and from all these quarters new and important results will be forthcoming in the next few years. The merit of Wilson's little book is that it has brought to the attention of the general public the importance of these Scrolls from the point of view of the New Testament and Christian origins. It will be found that Wilson has, indeed, set his mark on the most vital aspect of these Scrolls from the Dead Sea.

JOHN ALLEGRO

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*Planning By the People For the People*. By J. C. KUMARAPPA. (Vora and Co., Publishers, Ltd., Bombay. 155 pp. December 1954. Rs. 3/-)

Since the attainment of our independence, we are being entertained by our leaders with repetitions of "pious hopes and promises to bring prosperity to all," of "hackneyed phrases such as 'increasing the standard of living,' 'poverty should be banished,' 'increase national wealth' and 'equitable distribution of wealth'"! What, actually, is the result? The hungry stomachs remain hungry. Why? The author points out, in amusing language, how the planning suffers from a "basic lack of purpose in life" and how it lacks, also, "a pattern to make it conform with the art of life."

Making villages self-sufficient is our primary need. A simple, tolerable life, needs food, clothing and shelter. Employing the labour, talent and initiative of the villagers, placing the requisite means at their disposal and creating an environment favourable to the purpose, ought to have been the main basis of planning.

Instead, from foreign countries tractors are imported which cannot work without petrol, thus making our country depend on other countries for its supply! Foreign technicians, who are accustomed to luxurious living and are total strangers to our village environment, are allowed to guide the execution of Community Projects as experts. So also our Government's export-import policy is governed too much by the concern for the dollar exchange and to that end the production of tobacco and jute is encouraged on land better suited to food grains, with the result that tobacco is exported and rice has to be imported!

The author shows how big business is being given unseen aids in various forms, and how huge expenditures on schemes likely to be unproductive for a long time are incurred, both of which go to create further maldistribution of wealth. While more attention is paid to bettering the condition of industrial labour, landless labour, which is ten times as numerous as industrial labour and which lives under near-slave conditions, is totally neglected. Is not asking the educated young men to go to the villages absolutely futile when we have nothing but the prospect of semi-starvation to offer them? Is it not a mockery to ask hungry people to work hard and produce more? A good deal could be done to prevent poverty and want existing side by side with skill and capacity to produce.

The author points out how Gandhiji's advice to cut down top-expenses is honoured in the breach. Let our present-day political leaders, he suggests, settle down in villages, identify themselves with the villagers, take up rural problems as their own and thoroughly understand the situation.

As to proof-correcting, this book should not have betrayed the very inefficiency which it seeks to attack in others.

N. B. PARULEKAR

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*Jarajatasatam* of NILAKANTHA. Critically edited by N. A. GORE. (Bombay. 10 pp. 1956)

This is the only poem in Sanskrit containing a vigorous attack in 110 verses on plagiarism. Its author, Nilakantha Shukla, was the pupil of the great grammarian of Banaras, Bhattoji Dikshita (*c.* A.D. 1550-1620). His literary activity may be assigned to the period A.D. 1630-1670. In my papers on Nilakantha I brought to light the small but interesting works composed by him, *viz.*, *Cimanicarita*, *Adharasataka*, *Jarajatasataka*, *Srngarasataka* and *Sabdasobha*. I procured for Professor Gore the manuscripts of some of

these works and requested him to edit them. Accordingly he edited the *Cimanicarita* and the *Adharasataka*.

The present edition of the poem (composed in A.D. 1661) is based on a rare manuscript in Weber's Collection in Berlin, a photo-copy of which I procured for Professor Gore. If vituperation is regarded as a quality of style we have plenty of it in this poem, which is obviously written to avenge a personal wrong to the author. The wrong-doer is not named, but the poem contains the name of the author and some details of his family history.

We are thankful to Professor Gore for editing this literary curiosity and other works of this romantic but pugnacious writer. Merely annotating popular Sanskrit texts for the use of school or college students without adding an iota of new information about them has not advanced the cause of research. We are glad to find that Professor Gore has been consistently devoting much of his scanty leisure to editing unknown and unpublished texts critically and thus widening our knowledge of Sanskrit literature with its colourful ramifications.

P. K. GODE

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*Sarasvatichandra: A Critical Estimate*. By R. I. PATEL. (Chunilal Gandhi Vidyabhavan Studies, No. 5. Sarvajanik Education Society, Surat. 69 pp. 1955. Rs. 2/-)

This brochure is an excerpt from the author's thesis on the Gujarati Novel. It essays an all-round assessment of *Sarasvatichandra* by Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi.

By common consent *Sarasvatichandra* is considered the greatest novel in Gujarati. During the fifty-five years that have elapsed since the publication of its last volume in 1901, the book has been accorded recognition as a classic. There is not a critic of note during the last fifty years or so but has, somewhere or other, to say something or other about the great book. Dr. Patel is thus in the best of companies in his attempt to assess the book, and he has secured a rightful place in that company on account of his brilliant powers of critical analysis and synthesis and of his insight.

*Sarasvatichandra* is often compared to a Purana on account of its vast network of tales within tales. Its style is, at one and the same time, compared to that of Bana in the *Kadambari,* on account of its elaborate imagery, exalted diction and lengthy sentences; and to that of modern novelists, on account of the pithy, striking phrases and sentences strewn about in the book. Dr. Patel has discussed all these aspects of style, form and structure with insight and ability. He has also penetrated deeply the central theme of the novel, which is a synthesis of the cultures of the East and the West, and which tries to give an idealistic but not an impossible picture of the hero as a philosopher in action.

In doing full justice to this great book, Dr. Patel has not missed the glaring faults of the author. This is natural when we remember that *Sarasvatichandra* is among the first of Gujarati novels, and that Gujarati prose was still in the making.

The brochure can be recommended for a useful perusal to any student of *Sarasvatichandra*.

GULABDAS BROKER

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*Carlyle: Selected Works, Reminiscences and Letters*. Edited by JULIAN SYMONS. (The Reynard Library. Rupert Hart-Davis, London. 784 pp. 1955. 27*s*. 6*d*.)

In this beautifully produced selection from Carlyle the reader will find something from all his works, including his letters. They say he is not read today. But no one except easy novelists is read today save by the dwindling few who can still *read*—chiefly the young. A few such will always exist, and when the gadget craze, or phase, has had its day they will appear again in greater number. There is only one way to read Carlyle—and that is slowly, giving yourself up to him, surrendering to his spell. Affected to the last degree, determined all the time to be funny and clever in a big High Comedy manner, determined to preach and make *himself* felt throughout—still he casts a spell. I open the book at random, really so, and luckily, I read (Carlyle is speaking of Cromwell):—

> Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken rude tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man.

Carlyle was not inarticulate, but his utterances are tortuous and rude, cast roughly forth. Yet they sing. For he was inspired. He heard the voices of the universe. There is real *speech* lying imprisoned there. It is quite useless reading him swiftly, skippingly or critically: accept him as a natural force—and enter into his kingdom. He is not vague or woolly: he built with solid bricks—facts. The great rhetorician cannot work without facts. No labour is too great to lay hold of them. Carlyle's labours were appalling; his yoke was heavy and his burden was not light; but the results are imperishable. Here in this volume of nearly 800 pages are continuous blocks of his work, selected by Mr. Julian Symons with unevasive critical intelligence. Try the Reminiscences first, page 515.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

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*The Secret of Mont-Ségur*. By RAYMOND ESCHOLIER and MAURICE GARDELLE. Translated by GERALDINE COLVILLE. (Vincent Stuart, London. 194 pp. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

Among France's eminent contemporary writers M. Raymond Escholier ranks as one of the greatest. In fact his name and works are linked up with the cultural movement of his country. In literary circles his name is coupled with that of Victor Hugo, about whom M. Escholier published several illuminating works.

Monsieur Raymond Escholier's profound interest in the Cathar tragedy was echoed in the June 1955 issue of the Parisian monthly review, *Hommes et Mondes*, where, in his article on the "*Actualité du Catharisme*," he refers to Hannah Closs as "*cette grande romancière anglaise, tout ensemble épique et lyrique*."

In this book, recently translated into English by Geraldine Colville, the Cathar struggle for freedom has been depicted with great poetic beauty and finesse. The novel will deepen the understanding and interest in that cruelly tragic crusade.

M. Escholier and M. Gardelle have, through diaries, records and reports, described the events of their novel in three parts. The story opens with a scene in the war in 1944-45; then follow events in 1870; also many happenings of the Cathar persecution in the early thirteenth century—a most ingenious, artistic knitting together of three worlds as a background for the creation of the poetic figures of Colombe de Grésigne and Ferrocas.

Colombe's ancestors were, many of them, burnt at the stake when Mont-Ségur was captured. In her diary she writes: "I have breathed the dust of

their ashes in crossing the field of 'the burned.' "

Ferrocas is pictured as the reincarnation of a Cathar. He is persecuted as were the *bonshommes* of those times for the sins of others. His prayer is the Cathar prayer: "Lord, have no pity on the flesh born of corruption, but rather on the spirit imprisoned within." This is also the motto of Escholier and Gardelle's story, which is dedicated to the noble memory of Napoleon Peyrat.

It is in Colombe's diary that we have repeated Peyrat's story of the last defenders of Mont-Ségur. Colombe is particularly moved by the story of Na Géralda, Lady of Lavour, her Cathar ancestress, who was flung into a well alive and stoned to death. The distinguished authors have, in this unique novel, succeeded in welding into an artistic whole facts and legends in three historic stages of France's political and spiritual development. The work unmistakably bears the stamp of Raymond Escholier's greatness as an artist and an interpreter of his beloved country's past.

A. Closs

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# AN OUTLINE OF THE DHAMMA

The great texts of Buddhism yield their riches only to the patient student, but to them finally we must go to learn aright what the Master taught. Many today, however, are barely beginning to inquire what Buddhism is; and simple, brief statements of the Dhamma will nurse their interest and prevent it from going astray. The English-born Bhikkhu Anoma Mahinda has written a pamphlet, *The Blue Print of Happiness* (The International Buddhist Centre, Bangkok, Thailand), that gives such a statement. He adheres closely to the scriptures in outlining the Four Noble Truths, the Noble Eightfold Path, and the doctrines of Kamma and Rebirth. The section "Faith or Confidence" contains the edifying story of how the Great One bore himself towards the convert Siha, General of the Licchavis; it closes with the important saying of the Buddha in which he urges his disciples not to accept any teaching till they know for themselves its truth and wholesomeness. A few other passages, especially the translations from the *Mahaparinibbana Sutta* and the *Metta Sutta*, give directly the feeling of the scriptures.

From a pamphlet such as this the comparisons with modern scientific opinions might well have been omitted; for there was not space enough to make them substantial. And one feels strongly the absence of any reference to the Bodhisattva ideal. The Buddha's Compassion does make happiness possible for us; but an even greater fulfilment of his teachings it is that some lofty souls think little of that happiness in their Compassion for others.

R. P. S.

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# "THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY"*

## GREEN LIGHT—RED LIGHT

[We publish here a brief analysis of the content and implications of a book which has created something of a furore in the U.S.A. in the last few months. It is prepared by a Student of Theosophy.—ED.]

One evident implication of the phenomenal sales in the United States of *The Search for Bridey Murphy* by Mr. Morey Bernstein, a young businessman of Pueblo, Colorado, and an amateur hypnotist, is that the common man in the West is not satisfied with the arid and meagre consolations of either materialism or orthodoxy. Within nine weeks after its publication in New York early in January 1956 by Messrs. Doubleday and Company, 170,500 copies were in print and forty-odd newspapers were serializing it or had arranged to do so.

In this objective, well-written book the author describes, among other phases of his independent search for truth, how a young Colorado matron brought through in deep hypnotic trance purported memories of a life lived in Ireland as Bridey Murphy from 1798 to 1864. It has caught the public imagination, perhaps because it seems to many to offer a more convincing assurance of immortality than the churches give.

It is not easy to telescope into a paragraph what led up to the Bridey Murphy experiment. Morey Bernstein's mind was environment-conditioned, but fundamentally honest and eager. Step by step he was forced, after conscientious investigation, to accept the evidence for one power after another of the human mind transcending those of present normal consciousness—hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance. He ardently urges further studies of the "reach of the mind."

On first encountering the idea of reincarnation he instantly repudiated it. The reaction was natural to a man of his upbringing and education. But no more than in the case of extra-sensory perception could he refuse the challenge of its possibility.

The attempt to make Mrs. Ruth Simmons remember an earlier life was a step in his investigation of that possibility. It was the reading of similar experiments by others that gave him the idea. That his experiments have caught such wide-spread attention seems to prove again the observation that there is nothing so powerful as an idea when its time has come.

In previous experiments Mr. Bernstein had found Mrs. Simmons a good hypnotic subject, entering promptly into deep trance. At the first of several sessions devoted to the new experiment, Mrs. Simmons, when asked, after a preliminary age-regression exercise which took her back to babyhood, to go still farther back in memory, "remembered" a childish revenge for a spanking—scratching the paint off a newly painted bed. But the culprit was four-year-old Bridey (short for Bridget) Murphy, and the scene was Cork in the very early nineteenth century. In that and succeeding sessions "Bridey" named and described the members of her family: her husband, a Catholic (she had never become one), and Father John, who had made a deep impression on her. There is complete consistency as to personal and family names, her having grown up in Cork and spent her childless married life in Belfast, etc., and certain substantiating evidence for some of her statements has been found; but it is commonplace

* *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. By MOREY BERNSTEIN. (Doubleday and Co., Inc, Garden City, N.Y. 256 pp. 1956. $3.75)

enough, the story that she tells. If "Bridey" ever in her whole life had felt or thought deeply or done anything outstanding the fact was not confided to the tape recorder.

The account of her life, in fact, is strongly reminiscent of the purported "spirit" communications of the *séance* rooms and seems as little as they do to indicate any participation of the human spirit in the phenomenon.

The book carries conviction of Mr. Bernstein's *bona fides* but not of the indubitable rightness of his conclusions. The assumption that Bridey Murphy was the previous personality of the soul now incarnated as Ruth Simmons would seem too facile. The evidence does indicate that there is a consistent record of the life of Bridey Murphy and that the entranced Mrs. Simmons read that record under Mr. Bernstein's promptings—but that is all.

The after-death conditions vaguely described by "Bridey" fit well enough the abode of astral shells stamped with commonplace memories discarded by the soul as valueless. They do not fit the latter's assimilation, in the bliss of the heaven world of the different religions, of the harvest of the life last lived. The story of Bridey Murphy is just such a record as might be played on a partially defaced phonographic plate. And the extreme suggestibility of the deeply entranced subject could easily explain "Bridey's" references to reincarnation; the subject was deeply engaging the hypnotist's attention at the time.

In the last century the "spirits" speaking through mediums of the Allan Kardec school in France affirmed reincarnation; those of British and American mediums denied it. Its truth, accepted by countless millions in the East, as it was by some of the greatest of the early Church Fathers, is not strengthened by certain "spirits'" confirmation of it, or disproved by the fact that other "spirits" deny it. Reincarnation, however, with the law of Karma, offers so satisfactory an explanation of apparent injustice and so self-compelling a basis for right action, that it cannot be regretted that Mr. Bernstein has focused attention on it.

Most regrettably, however, he has brought hypnotism into dangerous prominence, with unjustifiably sweeping assurances as to its safety. There are warnings for the discerning reader in Mr. Bernstein's references to the compulsive power of post-hypnotic suggestion, *e.g.*, "It might be possible, over a period of time, to engineer the suggestion so that the final result is an act contrary to the basic principles of the subject." He admits that "the passage of time does not appear to diminish the force of the suggestion." "Such a suggestion . . . may persist for a lifetime."

The author's concession that hypnotism, "like any good tool . . . might conceivably be detrimental in the wrong hands" is an understatement which in a less serious context would be ludicrous. In the present age of wide-spread moral irresponsibility, such an endorsement of hypnotism with an explanation of its technique is fraught with possibilities for harm that far outweigh any possible claims for its therapeutic potential.

# A LETTER FROM LONDON

[**Shri Sunder Kabadi** in this quarterly letter deals with the visit to London of the Soviet leaders, commenting upon its effect upon the people, and its possible consequences for the future.—ED.]

London, April 25th. A further step along the road to the normalization of Russia's relations with the rest of the world was taken this month with the visit to Britain of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev. The mere physical presence of these leading Soviet statesmen in Britain was itself positive and spectacular evidence of the fundamental reappraisal that has been going on in the highest political circles in the Soviet Government and the Communist Party since the death of Stalin. The post-war policy of self-isolation from the rest of the world which Russia chose to pursue has been set in reverse. In one of his speeches in London, Marshal Bulganin quoted an old Russian saying, "Moscow was not built in a day." It would be over-optimistic to think that the ill will, suspicion and fear that have poisoned Russia's relations with the Western world since the end of the war are going to vanish overnight now that Russia has taken the initiative to establish her relations with the Western world on the basis of mutual respect and tolerance combined with what is known as "competitive co-existence." But the instinctive and universal compulsions for human survival that are now being given political expression are likely to dominate international political thinking from now on.

The general attitude of the British people to the visit of Bulganin and Khrushchev was a mixture of relief, curiosity, interest and expectation. They experienced a sense of relief because they saw on their own doorstep actual living proof of the great, and possibly the momentous, changes that had taken place in Russia since the death of Stalin. It is true that the Soviet leaders came to Britain at the invitation of Sir Anthony Eden, but the important and significant fact was that they had accepted that invitation. They had come to parley. Ordinary people in Britain are on the whole neither pro-Russian nor anti-Russian. They enjoyed a joke about Bulganin and Khrushchev as personalities, but this attitude to great political figures is typical of the British, especially when there is a consciousness that they (the British) are not getting things their own way and are uncertain as to the immediate future. For example, the other day a radio comedian raised a laugh with the following joke: "Have you heard the latest report from Egypt?" "No, what is it?" To which the comedian replied by drawing out a gun and firing it.

The general public was uncertain about the meaning and significance of the visit. On the one hand they read in the Tory papers constant criticism of Russia, ranging from the mildly satiric to the wildly abusive (as in relation to General Serov). Air Vice Marshal Sir John Sleasor's abusive statement that he would not trust a Russian Communist further than he could kick him was given front-page space in the Tory press, and it seemed clear that many of the leading Tory papers were rather afraid that, despite the extraordinary security precautions laid on to prevent any possibility of personal contact between the Soviet leaders and the general public, Bulganin and Khrushchev would make as good an impression as Malenkov had done before them.

A State visit, as people generally understand it, is an occasion that has the double purpose of improving the climate of popular feeling between the two peoples and of harmonizing their mutual interests in relation to common

problems and difficulties. It used, also, to be used to impress on foreign leaders the unity and superior might of the host nation, with big military parades and demonstrations. Since she lost her premier position in the world as the result of the second world war, however, Britain could not hope to impress either Russia or America in this latter way, although one of the official engagements of the Soviet leaders was to an R.A.F. Station from where, it was reported, within a matter of twenty-four hours, supersonic planes carrying nuclear bombs could reduce thirty European cities to a mass of rubble.

It has been realized, even in the highest political circles of the nuclear powers, ever since the first hydrogen bomb was exploded, that another war, fought with these weapons, would not only destroy the belligerents but also spread famine, disease and misery throughout all the inhabited lands of the world. The real problem facing the great Powers today, therefore, is to create the foundations for a system of international society in which it will be unthinkable for even the most intractable disputes between nations to be settled by recourse to war.

Mr. Khrushchev, in his realistic speech at the Mansions House, added Russia's voice to those influential voices in the West which have frankly and publicly admitted that war has lost its traditional purpose. The two great military blocs, he said, stood confronting each other, their difficulties in trying to attain a position of military superiority becoming increasingly greater and expensive.

"What is the way out, then?" he asked:—

> The way out, as we see it, is this: if people are in positions to control their thoughts and actions, they can think of only one way out and that is to give up war altogether, to agree to a reduction of armaments as the first thing, to reduce and then abolish armed forces. That cannot all be done at once, of course. But that should be our ultimate objective because an alternative might be the continuance of the armaments race and, as a result of that, some conflict. There is no need for us to try to describe what the possible consequences of such a conflict might be, because that is evident to every intelligent person.

The British papers were so full of news, speculation and photographs about the visit of the two Soviet leaders that this very illuminating piece of evidence, showing how the minds of the Soviet leaders are reacting to the grim and inescapable facts of the nuclear age, has hardly received the attention it deserves.

The proposal to "give up war altogether," while it is an integral and fundamental part of the philosophy of pacifists and believers in non-violence all the world over, and has been for thousands of years, acquires a revolutionary significance when it is made by one of the most powerful statesmen of a nation that wields the greatest military power in the world. Those of us who have consistently urged that the problems that arise between nations can never be lastingly resolved or settled if the threat of war is accepted as the final arbiter have grown accustomed to being derided as "woolly-minded idealists," "dreamers" and "cranks."

Now Mr. Khrushchev, even if he has arrived at our position by an entirely different route, has joined us in asserting that the best interests of mankind can only be served if it is prepared to "give up war altogether." The leaders of the Western nations, such as President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Attlee, and many others, have also been forced to recognize the futility of international disputes.

It is this recognition, bluntly and publicly stated by the leaders of the atomic nations, that war has been rendered futile by military science, that has led to the "Geneva Spirit" in international relations. What is it, though, that prevents the stronger expression of this spirit in seeking a solution of specific international problems, such as, for

example, the problem of German re-unification, the admission of China to the United Nations, the relaxation of Big Power tension in West Asia? The answer would seem to be that, while we may be witnessing the birth pangs of a new and peaceful world, we of this generation—which includes, it has to be remembered, the men commanding power and authority in government and diplomacy—are influenced in our thoughts, ideas and decisions by the world that may be dying, the old world, as old as Adam, in which to survive you had to destroy. But until we can recognize more distinctly that, in treating other nations with respect and tolerance despite the problems that divide us, we are creating the conditions for them to show greater respect and tolerance for us, are we prepared to let go of our primitive sheet anchor—the power to coerce others into respecting us by the threat or the use of naked physical strength? Thus, while Mr. Khrushchev, admitting that war has ceased to serve any historical purpose, calls for its abolition, he also, a few days later, calls attention to the fact that the Soviet Union is the first country to possess the means of dropping a hydrogen bomb from an aircraft. He is certainly not the only statesman of the atomic powers who seems to expose himself to the charge of hypocrisy—emphasizing his desire for peace while at the same time boasting of his capacity to make war. Sir Anthony Eden's insistence on the desire of the British people for peace did not prevent him from agreeing to show the Soviet leaders some of the diabolical war machines that Britain herself has produced.

This kind of dual approach is what we should expect to see if the world is, as we must hope, in a state of transition. It is not a cause for depression. It is an advance on the state of mind which has dominated international relations for so long, which conceives war as being a valid, legitimate and honourable instrument, in the final analysis, for governing international relations. When the time comes that the futility of war ceases to strike those who have the means of initiating it as a novel and extraordinary fact, the risks and dangers that are still inherent in the present state of international relations will have largely disappeared. Co-existence among nations will then have become a state of mind instead of ranking, as it now does, as the eighth wonder of the world.

SUNDER KABADI

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# ENDS AND SAYINGS

*"——————ends of verse*
*And sayings of philosophers."*
HUDIBRAS

The eighteenth anniversary of the passing of Sir Muhammad Iqbal was observed by the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, at a special meeting on April 21st, at which Janab Mohammad Ismail Tabish, Editor of the Bangalore daily, *Pasban*, was the speaker. Shri M. Vasudeva Murthy, who presided, quoted Iqbal as saying he had "lightnings in his bosom," which the lecturer bore out in showing Sir Muhammad's dynamic impact on the Muslim community and on Urdu poetry.

Iqbal had drunk deep of the *Quran*, which showed the sun, moon and stars made to serve man. Man had reached only the first milestone in the evolution of his personality or body, mind and soul, but he demanded respect for him, denying Kismet and declaring that God could not choose for him. Denounced by some as a heretic, he had retorted by denouncing the mullahs as ignorant of what Islam meant. A Mussulman, he said, should be a terror to injustice and oppression, but forgiving, pure, and marked by majesty and grace.

He had found the materially prosperous West, for all its literature, art and architecture, "a well with no elixir of life." Art should illumine and ennoble, he maintained; a single decadent artist might prove ruinous. Iqbal had dreamt of One World, inhabited by Supermen, men of broad tolerance, a universal love that feared no danger, shirked no sacrifice, and of complete indifference to riches. But the renunciation that he dreamt of was that of the Prince, not of the beggar. "Fearlessness is the creed of the men of Truth."

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In his paper on "Kashmir Folklore," read before the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture on March 16th, 1956, Shri Somnath Dhar, Assistant Press Attaché of the Indian High Commission, brought out striking resemblances between many Kashmir folk tales and those of other parts of the world.

The gift of a protective or potent charm in the shape of a gift of hair or a ring, the quest of the "Golden Fleece" or a similar voyage of adventure, the victory of a hero over a man-eating demon or monster, the mythical bird with priceless eggs, the bountiful ladle and pot whose content is inexhaustible—these, he brought out, were common to folklore in many countries. The famous flying carpet that, at its possessor's will, transported him to a distant place was paralleled in Kashmir tales by "the splendid seat." The incorruptible King figured in many Indian tales; Hatim and Harishchandra had their congener in Vinaditya, the Saint-King of Kashmir.

Granting that the isolation of "the Golden Valley" has not been complete, the number of similarities between the folk tales there and elsewhere reinforces the conclusion put forward by Shri Dhar, "that the inventive faculty of the folk mind has worked in much the same way in Eastern as in Western countries."

"Many folk tales," he remarked, "are of mythological origin, while others . . . have a historical genesis." More than one writer has suggested that most popular myths and legends could be traced to facts in Nature. How many of them, indeed, may be traceable to what Madame H. P. Blavatsky called in *The Secret Doctrine*

those floating reminiscences, obscure and vague, which unite the broken links of the chain of time to form with them the mysterious dream foundation of our collective consciousness.

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A topical discussion on "The Joint Family" was held at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on April 12th, when Shrimati Sulochana Padmanabhan, B.A., under the chairmanship of Professor S. A. Asirvatham of St. Joseph's College, read a paper on the subject.

Shrimati Padmanabhan brought out how, even in India, where the once common joint family had persisted longer than in most countries, it was being superseded to some extent by small, single families, especially in cities and industrial centres. The joint family provided security to every member, as well as laying certain duties upon all, though in practice there was often an unequal distribution of the work, which was accepted by many as the working of the Karmic Law. The household life stood high in the social order, and the ideal joint family offered character training as well as lessons in adaptability and strengthened mutual affection and loyalty. The aged members, cared for, respected, loved, were a beneficent influence in the home. But she presented fairly the advantages claimed for small single families and the drawbacks of the joint family.

In the interesting discussion which followed, valuable suggestions were given for conserving the values which the joint family offered, such as the fostering of family ties between related single families, planning for shared responsibility in the smaller family, appreciation of the garnered experience of the older family members and the effort to incorporate in the socialistic pattern of society the values of the traditional joint family.

The Chairman thought that under changed conditions, in which family members followed different occupations, the joint family would survive only if the binding force was mutual affection and not the joint holding of property and income.

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...all of us inexorably are being carried along into what will be the real beginning of civilization, the age in which war will be abolished....A great deal now depends upon the rapidity with which we can adapt our thinking, especially our social and political thinking, to the requirements of the coming time.

Thus Dr. Hugh Schonfield indicates, very simply, the conditions in which the new Commonwealth of World Citizens will take birth in his Introduction to *Birth of a World People* (Dennis Dobson, London), which contains the Provisional Constitution of the Commonwealth, to be considered and adopted at the Constituent Assembly to be convened in August at Cardiff.

It would not be too much to say that the Commonwealth as conceived raises the whole nature of the State to another height; for this is to be a State without coercive power and with the sole purpose of service.

The whole pamphlet must be read. Moving as these passages are, they do not fully communicate what any sensitive reader must feel between the lines and within the words of this remarkable document: an earnest, gentle, sure vision of the next step in the evolution of a form of human fellowship, for such the State properly is. Without any outward reference to religion, the informing presence of spiritual ideas can be felt in this plan for a Commonwealth that seeks to be a Brotherhood rather than a power. Gandhiji would have approved.

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